THE Nation

VOLUME 145 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • SEPTEMBER 25, 1937 NUMBER 13

LIBRARY STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE JOHNSON CITY, TENN.

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The Shape of Things

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TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND LEGIONNAIRES can't be wrong, and whatever city they happen to pick for their annual convention has come to accept stoically the prospect of a week of howling bedlam during which a mob of patriotic middle-aged adolescents of good-will paint the town red, white, and alcoholic blue. There is one important compensation: though the hotel owner may have to put up with horses in his elevators, his hostelry will be full, for the Legion is expected to leave from five to ten million dollars in New York City. While the rank and file turn the chosen city upside down, the conservative gentlemen who run the Legion and know its potential power—in the words of its outgoing national commander it "blankets 11,382 towns"—have serious business which they attend to seriously.

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THE LEGION IS THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE —and the most confused—middle-class organization in this country, cutting as it does across every group from worker to business to professional man. Its leaders, who hail from its more prosperous ranks, take care to reiterate that the Legion must remain neutral in industrial and labor disputes; but the part legionnaires have played in strike-breaking "law-and-order" groups in the past year indicates what that neutrality means, and National Commander Colmery's opening speech made it doubly clear. Between two protestations of the Legion's neutrality he sandwiched a justification of vigilante activities, a denial that participants could be described as "obnoxious vigilantes," and a warning that legionnaires must not wear Legion uniforms or insignia "in such instances." The Legion's exploit at Baltimore in helping to prevent Arthur Garfield Hays from making a mild though effective speech on the Constitution is symbolic of its attitude, as is the fact that in New York City men wearing Legion insignia snatched placards from pickets and called them "paid agitators." For the rest, Mr. Colmery denounced the New Deal without naming it and attacked in the usual obscurantist terms all "isms." He also spoke at length of peace, one of the most important issues before the convention. It goes without saying that the peace the Legion leadership has in mind is that based upon isolation with "adequate defense." The most persistent demand is for a universal-service law providing for a confiscatory tax on the profits of war. The danger is that the genuine desire of the rank and file for peace

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will be turned into support of such a measure as the Sheppard-Hill bill, which would presumably take the profits out of the next war but would certainly be much more automatic and efficient in conscripting labor on M-day.

*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IS FULFILLING HIS function as the nation's greatest mass-educator. His Constitution Day speech was aimed at wresting from the reactionaries the monopoly they have so long claimed in the Constitution. All that he left them were its "misinterpreters"—the Supreme Court and the corporation lawyers. A fine feature of Mr. Roosevelt's speech was his effort to make the common man see that the Constitution is his precious possession, which its interpreters on bar and bench have sought to pervert to the uses of their wealthy allies; that the Constitution itself is not "a lawyer's contract" but a "layman's document," a living instrument of government drafted by laymen to serve the purposes of an evolving social system; that the conservatives have consistently tried to block the path of constitutional adaptation; and that where the popular will has finally triumphed, it has always been at the cost of a generation's delay. What distinguishes the President's analysis above all else from the writings of the "liberals" who have fought his program of court reform is its sense that time is of the essence of the matter. "We can no longer afford the luxury of twenty-year lags. Desperate people in other lands surrendered their liberties when freedom came merely to mean humiliation and starvation." We are glad to have this distinguished and mature statement of the problem of judicial reform. And we are glad the President has abandoned some of the technical legalism of his own Supreme Court proposal and taken his stand on ground broad enough and strong enough to hold all believers in democratic progress.

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THE LEAGUE ASSEMBLY'S FAILURE TO REELECT Spain to its seat on the Council is a sad commentary on the low estate to which that international body has fallen. Its action was particularly inexcusable in view of the fact that Premier Negrin had just submitted an impressive document charging Germany and Italy with invasion of Spain in violation of the League Covenant. If the League were half the body that its creators intended, its first act would have been to reelect Spain to its traditional seat as a means of assuring it that its accusations against the major powers would receive adequate consideration. Whether China's charges against Japan are to be similarly pushed into oblivion remains to be seen. Reference of the case to the League's Far Eastern Advisory Committee may be justified as a means of enlisting the cooperation of the United States, but it may also provide a neat method of sidetracking the whole affair if the United States fails to cooperate. Among the ironies of the situation is the fact that the most perplexing and complicated issue likely to be brought before the League—the British plan for the partition of Palestine—will probably be pushed through in record time, while China and Spain are left to fight single-handed against fascist invaders.

*

REPORTS FROM THE SINO-JAPANESE FRONT indicate that the Chinese are continuing to resist while falling back slowly before the Japanese forces. Although any loss of ground is discouraging to those who would like to see China overwhelm the invader, the gradual withdrawal would appear to be excellent strategy. Every mile of additional communications imposes fresh burdens on the Japanese, especially in view of the increased activity of Chinese plain-clothes fighters behind the enemy lines. As it is, Japanese progress has been confined primarily to the desolate areas of Chahar, Suiyuan, and northern Shansi, where their advance can have very little military value. South of Peiping the Chinese lines are still within forty-five miles of the former capital. Paotingfu, capital and third largest city of Hopei, seems to be still safe against Japanese attack. On the vital Shanghai front the enemy gains have been almost imperceptible. Thus far Japanese superiority in the air has meant little; the raids on Nanking and other interior cities have been chiefly for the purpose of intimidating the civilian population and have achieved no military objective. Continued Chinese resistance presupposes, however, an uninterrupted flow of munitions from abroad. This has been made difficult by President Roosevelt's partial embargo and London's increased insurance rates on Far Eastern shipments.

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BRITAIN'S PROBLEM OF HOW TO CHECK Italian piracy in the Mediterranean without offending Italy has not been satisfactorily solved as we go to press. Although the anti-piracy patrol is actually functioning, Eden's speech at Geneva indicates that Britain has not yet given up hope of finding a formula for saving Mussolini's face. Rome has suggested that this might be achieved if Italy were given the right to participate in the patrol on an equal footing with England and France. If this is denied, the fascist powers threaten to set up their own anti-piracy patrol, presumably for the purpose of protecting their submarines. While the danger that the fascists will actually carry out this threat is remote, a real possibility exists that Britain will be intimidated to the extent of granting fundamental concessions to the government chiefly responsible for the existing piracy. Thus we may still have the ironic spectacle of policeman and thug patrolling the streets together.

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LABOR SPIES, HATCHET GANGS, AND SWELL dinners to keep the workers happy—it all comes out in the NLRB wash, which has become a regular institution and thereby improved the sanitation of industrial relations. The Labor Board has been holding hearings in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and we may confidently hope that the Bethlehem Steel Company's labor policy, Mayor Shields, the back-to-work movement, and the Citizens'

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National Committee will be thoroughly gone over and hung out to dry in the sterilizing light of publicity. Bethlehem countered the investigation with an elaborate attempt to prove that the corporation had no dirt to conceal. It contended first that Bethlehem is a holding company and in no way engaged in production or manufacture; it denied all charges of unfair labor practices; it complained with all the force of the legal talent at its command that the board's charges were not specific and that the company had been given too short notice of the hearings. Mayor Shields, meanwhile, illustrated his belief in law and order by ignoring the board's subpoena. The board, nevertheless, went on with its hearings and has already turned up significant data on the genesis of the Citizens' Committee. One witness testified, for instance, that Sidney D. Evans of Bethlehem Steel spoke at the committee's first meeting. A vigilante outfit is best judged according to the company it is kept by. The officials of the Citizens' Committee have maintained that it was able to raise the tens of thousand of dollars it spent on newspaper advertising in behalf of the right to work for Bethlehem through "small contributions" from various sources. But seeing is believing. Let the NLRB proceed.

*

GOVERNOR EARLE OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHO last spring banned the showing of the film "Spain in Flames" and blazed up when *The Nation* protested that ban, is now applying the heat of censorship to another picture of the Spanish war—Joris Ivens's "The Spanish Earth." The state Board of Censors, a three-man board, held up the picture for ten days before handing down a belated decision against it. The final decision was reached the day after Governor Earle's return from Europe. The official grounds given by the board were vague, but privately one of its members stated that the picture was suppressed for being pro-Loyalist. The irony of the whole matter is that "The Spanish Earth" has been acclaimed by non-political film and dramatic critics in New York and Hollywood for its restraint of statement and calmness of tone, as well as for the almost perfect artistry of its execution. Earle's objections to the earlier picture, "Spain in Flames," were that it was shrill and calculated to induce men to enlist. No such charges can possibly be made against "The Spanish Earth." It is difficult to believe that the Governor himself has seen the picture, but also difficult to believe that he could have allowed so important a decision to be made unless he had. The film exhibitors have applied for a rehearing before the board. It is Governor Earle's duty to see that the rehearing is granted, and to take on himself the final responsibility for the decision. Labor and progressive groups not only in Pennsylvania but throughout the nation await his next move.

*

LAST YEAR CONGRESS PASSED A MERCHANT Marine Act that was to assure the United States a trading fleet of some 350 new ships. Although Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the Maritime Commission, has not specifically abandoned the entire program, there is a good chance that most of the glorious armada will be sunk in blueprint. And it is just as well. Under the act the government was to have lent shipowners 75 per cent of the cost of constructing new vessels, with rebates as high as 50 per cent where the cost exceeded the expense of building a similar ship in foreign yards. For all this generosity, Mr. Kennedy is compelled to admit sorrowfully, "if we removed every restriction and guaranteed them [the ship operators] everything except actual profits, they still couldn't put up a dime." The shippers would like to have the government build the vessels altogether and rent them out for operation—which would reduce the risk of the shipping magnates to the zero point. It would be easy of course to go on from that point and urge complete government ownership and operation. But if the failure of the present plan proves anything at all, it proves that the United States does not need a more extensive merchant marine, that such a fleet would, in an economic sense, be as much of a white elephant for the government as it is for private lines. In a military sense it would have distinct advantages—of an aggressive sort. Finally there is everything to be said for allowing foreign nations to continue to transport our goods in their own ships. It is one of the best ways that still remain open to them of paying for American products.

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THOMAS G. MASARYK IN DEATH MADE A LAST contribution to the cause of democracy that he served so well in life. The world has grown used to gigantic spectacles in which vast throngs pay tribute to dictators according to blueprints drawn up by ministers of propaganda. Orders go out to party functionaries all over Germany to send to Nürnberg on a given date so many men, so many women, so many children, wearing such and such uniforms, to heil Hitler in mass formation at given signals, and to yield so many decibels of noise in so doing. Similarly, Italians are massed on order to yell "Doo-chay!" at strategic moments. And these demonstrations have come to be regarded as proof of the potency of fascism, contrasted with the weak tea of democracy; as the ultimate victory of circuses over freedom. The spontaneous reaction of the people of Czecho-Slovakia to the death of President-Liberator Masaryk is an eloquent refutation of the theory. There is no all-powerful party in that country to supply flag-wavers, mourners, or demonstrators at the order of a propaganda ministry, no Gestapo to take note of those who fall below the required standard of enthusiasm. Yet the Czech government, through the press, had to beg the public to stay away from Prague because days in advance of the Masaryk funeral that city of a million had already doubled its population. Despite the requisitioning of all possible emergency quarters, thousands had to spend at least one night in the streets. And few were the windows in all Czecho-Slovakia that did not display a picture of the man who brought the American democratic tradition to the heart of Europe.

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Bigger than Black

WHEN Paul Block and his associates succeeded in nailing Hugo Black to a fiery cross, they hoped to crucify with him the President of the United States and the Administration's entire program of court reform and social reconstruction. Whether or not their hopes will be fulfilled the near future will show. It will depend partly on the ability of the American people to see through to the real purpose of the maneuver, and partly on the shrewdness with which Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers, and Justice Black himself, handle the situation. At the moment of writing we are not sanguine of the outcome. The attack on Black seems to us as slick a job of political manipulation as we have witnessed in many a year. By attaching to Black the label—and libel—of bigot and political reactionary, the genuine, conscious bigots and reactionaries have succeeded in turning against him a large measure of his normal liberal following—which makes the opposition nearly unanimous. In a desperate effort to save themselves and the Administration from the same stigma, many Democratic Senators and friends of the President have showed an almost indecent haste in repudiating Black and laying upon him the responsibility for the fix in which they find themselves. And the new justice has made matters worse by maintaining a silence which is widely construed as both admission of guilt and acquiescence in his own execution. The President's attitude is still somewhat ambiguous. His one statement seemed to hint that the next move was Mr. Black's, but private advices from Washington, as well as Robert S. Allen's article in this issue of *The Nation,* indicate that Mr. Roosevelt will at least passively support Black's continued membership in the court.

Considering the situation as a whole, however, we feel that the best cards are still in the hands of the President's reactionary foes, and that this need not have been the case. Hindsight makes it easy to say that the incident could have been avoided altogether by a frank statement by Black at the time his former connections with the Klan were first discussed. But we believe this to be true. His eleven-year record of vigorous liberalism would then have easily outweighed the onus of past Klan support or membership, and justly so. The worst that could have been said would have been that Hugo Black had started as a typical Southern politician but had risen above his beginnings in almost unparalleled degree. His independence and his liberalism would have loomed even larger against such a background, for it takes a brave man to turn against the interests and the organization that put him into office. Senator Black lost that chance, perhaps because his Klan connections had so wholly faded into the limbo that had engulfed the Klan itself that they seemed scarcely worth discussing. But this was far from shrewd, and a bolder, more realistic strategy might have been expected from a man with as much experience in the technique of political battle as the Senator from Alabama.

This was not, however, Mr. Black's only chance. When the first newspaper stories syndicated by Mr. Block and the N. A. N. A. appeared some ten days ago, the new justice should have made a bold response. It was not too late. He could have told clearly what his past connection with the Klan had actually amounted to. He could have stated—what all honest men know to be true—that he had come to the Senate with no commitments and had steadfastly followed his own judgment in dealing with national issues; that in the years that followed his election he had earned the Klan's hostility as well as that of the utilities and other vested interests in his state and in the nation as a whole; and that he would submit his record as evidence of his integrity and independence. This Justice Black could have said in a single formal statement. It would not have silenced his enemies, but it would have heartened his friends and helped the Administration.

But even on this score the fault is divided. If Justice Black should have spoken in defense of his record, so should his friends. Where *are* his friends in this crisis, men who in Mr. Black's absence dare to speak out and dispel the nonsense and hysteria that have been generated by the articles "exposing" this man? Not one has done the thing which it would be hard for Black to do: listed his many courageous attacks on privilege and graft—the investigation of ocean- and air-mail subsidy frauds, of the power lobby; recalled the social legislation he has sponsored; given the names of Jews and Catholics he has backed for public office; cited his support of Smith in 1928, his opposition to Heflin in 1930; offered proof of the hostility of the Klan in recent years. With the honorable exception of a handful of Democratic Senators, we have seen no report that any of his former colleagues have come to his defense. Are they afraid for their own political futures or bamboozled by the attack itself?

And where are the liberal and Democratic newspapers in this emergency? To their shame most of the independent editorial writers and columnists have joined the rabble-rousers in shouting for Justice Black's resignation or impeachment. The gusto with which Westbrook Pegler and Hugh S. Johnson have pounced upon the victim was perhaps to be expected. But when Heywood Broun and the New York *Post* turned against him, the gods of things as they are must have smiled with sardonic satisfaction. Notable and vivid exceptions are Drew Pearson and Robert Allen, authors of the syndicated column Washington Merry-Go-Round, and Jay Franklin in the New York *Post,* all of whom have exposed the political mechanics behind the attack. The attitude of the majority seems to us either craven or naive.

In the interest not only of fairness to Justice Black but of the country's political future, liberals should refuse to be hoodwinked or silenced on this issue. To let the Blocks and Hearsts and Copelands succeed in this maneuver may mean selling out our hope of continued progress under the present Administration. Admit that Black's connection with the Klan was unfortunate, admit that his silence under attack has been a mistake, but do not be taken in by the attack itself. Look straight through

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it to the men who launched it, recognize them for the enemies of progress that they are, distinguish the hatred of Roosevelt and his progressive legislation that animated them, examine the legislative record of the man chosen as their victim; and then decide whether Hugo Black or Paul Block is closer to the spirit of the Ku Klux Klan.

Embargo Against China

THE joy with which Japan has received the news of the partial embargo on American munitions imposed by the President should be sufficient evidence of its unneutral character. The United States has, in effect, taken sides in the Far Eastern conflict, and aligned itself with the aggressor. Our trade with Japan is not in the least affected by the embargo. Few if any of our shipments of war supplies to Japan are carried in government-owned, or even American, vessels. The warning that privately owned American ships will carry munitions "at their own risk" does not affect our trade with Japan since no risk is involved. In the case of China the degree to which the embargo will cut off American supplies is a matter of dispute. Admittedly, the President's order has more psychological than practical importance. At most only thirteen vessels are involved, and few of these are used primarily in trade between the United States and China.

Psychologically, however, the order is unfortunate. Quite apart from its intention or ultimate effect, it is being interpreted in both China and Japan as a deliberate gesture of aid to Tokyo. Rightly or wrongly, it is looked upon as the first step in a general retreat before the isolationist forces. In any case the United States has imposed a serious obstacle in the way of collective action against Japanese aggression. By far the most realistic hope of joint action lay in the possibility of a general illegal blockade. While the present action is less of a retreat from our traditional policy than the iron-clad embargo which would be imposed by the Neutrality Act, it weakens the chances of a concerted demand by the powers that the channels of ordinary commerce be kept open.

The case against an isolationist embargo goes far beyond the issues presented in the immediate Far Eastern situation, but many of its most objectionable features would be removed if it did not actively aid aggression. If an embargo is imposed against China, the least that should be demanded is equivalent action directed against Japan. Cotton, scrap iron, and oil are as essential to Japan as airplanes and munitions to China. If the peace groups which are clamoring for the invocation of the Neutrality Act are sincere in desiring to avoid American entanglement in the Far Eastern conflict, they should make it clear that they do not desire to see the act invoked unless these secondary war materials are included among the prohibited articles.

Meanwhile, China's appeal to the League of Nations has been referred to the Far Eastern Advisory Committee. This move presents the United States with a somewhat unexpected opportunity for positive action. It is easy to take a defeatist attitude toward the League and say that we should be only wasting our time if we sent delegates to the sessions of the committee. But the fact remains that most of the smaller nations represented on the committee, together with the leading anti-fascist powers, would like nothing better than to see the League spurred into last-minute action. And the one hope of achieving that result lies in American leadership. The failure of the United States to act decisively in the early months of the Manchurian invasion was largely responsible for the fiasco at Geneva in 1932. This makes it especially imperative that it take the helm in what is probably the last opportunity to escape a world cataclysm.

Victory and Insult

LAST week's primaries in New York City were like a dream come true for good government. Senator Copeland, running in both the Republican and Democratic primaries, got a bad thrashing in the Republican by Mayor LaGuardia, and in the Democratic by Jeremiah Mahoney. His defeat marks the end of one phase of Tammany Hall—the phase in which it sought, from its Manhattan stronghold, to dominate the other four boroughs as well, and to rule with a cynical disregard of the changes and chances of political life. Whether the Hall can reconstruct itself under the new Farley-Kelly-Flynn triumvirate which supported Mahoney is something that remains for the long-run future to decide. As far as the mayoralty election on November 2 is concerned, it is almost a certainty that the patched-up alliance between the Hall and the Mahoney forces will not be adequate to defeat Mayor LaGuardia and the fusion of labor and progressive forces behind him.

Meanwhile there are other and accessory triumphs to take delight in. Copeland's defeat is less a personal one than a defeat of his tactics and his support. The attempt to make the city campaign a forum for anti-Roosevelt politics, the attempt to feed the New York voters intravenously with the Ku Klux Klan issue, the thrice-told tales of a hack politician—all these were repudiated. But even more important was the repudiation of Al Smith and his Liberty League comrades, who stood behind Copeland with unknown sums of money and incredibly stupid advice, and who manipulated the puppet doctor with both.

Affirmatively, of course, the result was a triumph for LaGuardia's administration of the city's affairs. For that reason the Mayor's action, two days after the primaries, in indorsing George U. Harvey for another term as Borough President of Queens, and even promising to campaign for him, was an unexpected and gratuitous insult to the Mayor's supporters. This Harvey, let it be remembered, is the Harvey who has opposed every progressive move of the Mayor at the Board of Estimate meetings, he is the Harvey who is probably the most fanatical red-baiter in New York City officialdom; he is

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the Harvey who has been consistently anti-labor and has attacked the American Labor Party; he is, finally, the Harvey who only five months ago stood up on the platform at the New York Hippodrome and said that if he were Mayor of New York and had the problem of labor radicals to handle, his injunction to the police would be simple: "I wouldn't need any fancy orders. I'd just say, 'Boys, get about three feet of rubber hose, and don't bring any of them back to the station house.' "

It is possible, from the standpoint of political opportunism to understand why the Mayor has come out in support of this Harvey. Perhaps there was an understanding that if Harvey would deliver the Queens vote in the Republican primaries, he would in turn get the Mayor's support. Or, if there was no such deal, the Mayor may still want to make doubly sure of his election even at the expense of aligning himself with so primitive a reactionary as the bombastic Führer of Queens. But if these were the Mayor's motives, they are unworthy of a man whom all the progressive forces are supporting. The Mayor himself told a meeting of Republican women before the primaries that he would not "beg votes." The Mayor said at the same meeting that the only question in the coming campaign was whether the people wanted to return to machine rule. Truckling to the Harvey machine is no higher in human dignity or civic virtue than taking orders from a Tammany boss. The fact that the boss is a Republican does not sweeten the act.

The truth is that the Mayor is riding high on a wave of success. He knows that he can count on labor's strength, and the fact that the A. F. of L. unions, in addition to the American Labor Party, have come out in his support makes him doubly sure. With labor comfortably tucked away for the duration of the campaign, the Mayor may feel he can afford to patch up his alliances with labor's enemies. We think he is tragically wrong. He will probably win the coming election, and he deserves to win on his record as an administrator. But the importance of his stand thus far has lain in his repudiation of machine politics and in the shift to the politics of the mass base. His indorsement of Harvey destroys the whole logic of his former position. It may seem strategic in the heat of the campaign, but it will return to plague him in the future.

Nazi Challenge to American Labor

NAZI activities in the United States are beginning to follow the historic pattern laid down in other countries. Affirming a Communist menace, the Nazi leaders offer their services in defense of the established order. As Herr Kuhn, the American Führer, recently put it, "Our organization is just waiting until the Communists get ready to seize control, which will be sooner than you think. Then, if the government—the legal, elected government—needs our help, we will step in and fight for our country, the United States." This statement bears a strange resemblance to the reports published by the official German news service early in 1933 announcing the discovery of Communist plans to take over the government, burn public buildings, and shoot women and children. *Der Tag* was ushered in under the pretense that the Communists were ready to "seize control."

No one, not even Herr Kuhn, believes that the Communists are about to take power in the United States, but the Nazis know that the country is moving into a period of intense industrial struggle. The lines are forming—and the Nazis are preparing to cash in on a situation they believe is made to their order.

They know that they cannot command mass support—even the support of the German-American masses. A recent study made by the Chicago daily *Times* bears out this conclusion. Two *Times* reporters spent several months gathering material among the American Nazis. Perhaps the most important fact revealed in the *Times* stories is that the Nazi Volksbund numbers about 20,000 members, instead of some 200,000 as Kuhn likes to boast. The best the Nazi leaders can hope for is to induce the officials of the big German social organizations to back them and their programs. During the recent New York City primary fight the officials of the Steuben Society and some other *Landsmannschaften* indorsed Herr Copeland. He carried Yorkville but lost the other German districts.

But if the Nazis cannot gain mass support, they have at least developed gangs with considerable skill and experience in methods of terror; and these gangs will be offered to the employers in coming labor disputes. The Nazis in America are dangerous not because they represent the German-American population but because they have financial and diplomatic support from the Nazi government in Berlin and because they have formed close connections with practically all the other fascist and vigilante groups and citizens' committees in the United States. Asked by a reporter what role the Nazis had played during the steel strike in Johnstown, Kuhn answered "Oh, we left that up to the local offices."

At the beginning of July the Nazis held a convention at the Hotel Biltmore in New York. Most of the committee meetings were secret; especially the one at which the labor question was dealt with. At this session delegates of the American Nazi organization, together with special agents sent from Berlin, adopted a definite program of action against the C. I. O. and the trade-union movement generally. Nazi leaders have good reason to fear the upswing in the American labor movement. They know that workers cannot be militant unionists and Nazi sympathizers at the same time. The plans are laid for Nazi intervention in the coming struggle with Henry Ford, and agents are already at work in the plants. It is a matter of life and death for the Nazis in the United States to fight the unions and to fight them with all methods—even terror and provocation. It is equally a matter of life and death for American labor to keep the Nazi blight from spreading in the United States until it is strong enough to crush all unionism.

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Who "Exposed" Black?

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, September 19

THE exposé of Justice Hugo Black's one-time membership in the Ku Klux Klan was a deliberate conspiracy to destroy the crusading New Dealer's usefulness on the bench and to force President Roosevelt to abandon his fight to liberalize the reaction-ridden federal judiciary. Parties to the conspiracy were the Hearst stooge Paul Block, the North American Newspaper Alliance, and certain not definitely identified Administration-hating business interests. The last-named supplied the information and alleged documents, and Block and the North American Newspaper Alliance furnished the newspaper columns and scare-headlines to blazon the "dope" to the world. The sensational stories carried the by-line of a Block reporter, but their real author was Frank Prince, one-time Hearst reporter and now operator of a private detective agency with offices on Fifth Avenue in New York City. It was Prince who dug up the material on which the Black-Klan articles were based.

Who employed him for this important service is still a matter of unconfirmed clues and reports. One points to the independent steel companies which successfully resisted C. I. O. unionization last spring and whose tactics are now being aired by the National Labor Relations Board; another to certain financial interests in Pittsburgh. How far all or some of these corporations are implicated in the affair probably will have to await disclosure by a Senate investigating committee—a committee practically certain to be appointed. In the meantime, however, certain facts about Prince's activities are known.

A week or so before the Black-Klan exposé he spent several days in Pittsburgh, where Block publishes the *Post-Gazette,* which carried the copyright on the stories. Prince handles public relations for the University of Pittsburgh, Mellon-supported institution of anti-labor fame. He is now engaged in a gumshoe job on John L. Lewis for the same interests that hired him to investigate Black. Two of Prince's agents are ferreting around in Indianapolis, where Lewis lived when the national offices of the United Mine Workers were located there, in an effort to uncover information about his past that could be used to discredit or embarrass him.

Prince is one of the ablest and smoothest operators in his line. He is tall, handsome, a good dresser, and a ready mixer; there is nothing of the "dick" or "flatfoot" about him. In appearance and speech he gives the impression of an intelligent business executive. He has the highest business and publisher connections. In addition, as a one-time reporter, he knows the news game and talks reporters' language. He never attempts to plant a "bum" story on them. When he offers a tip, they know from experience it is dependable. In the last few years Prince has done a number of undercover jobs with political angles. He supplied the McCormack-Dickstein Nazi-investigating committee with most of its important disclosures.

What the final outcome of the attack on Black will be is unpredictable at this writing. Administration strategists believe the matter will blow over. At least they hope so. But certain positive forecasts can be made: (1) Black will not resign; (2) Mr. Roosevelt will not ask him to resign. The new justice has no thought of resigning, for he considers himself guilty of no misconduct or misbehavior either in act or thought. He stands on his twelve-year senatorial record as a steadfast liberal and friend of labor and the farmer. That record includes a vigorous opposition to the attempt of Tom Heflin, Number One Catholic-baiter, to hold on to his Senate seat through an election contest after being defeated at the polls. The President will make no request or suggestion to Black, holding that the latter is a full-fledged Justice of the United States Supreme Court and under the Constitution removed from any interference or pressure by anyone in or out of the government. The President holds that it would be no more fitting or legal for him to call on Black to quit because of his one-time membership in the Klan than it would be to make such a demand on Justice McReynolds because of certain well-known facts about his private life or on Justice Butler because he violated his word of honor that he would not participate in cases involving railroads he once represented as a corporation lawyer. Mr. Roosevelt would not have appointed Black had he known of his past Klan affiliation. But having appointed him, the President takes the position that Black now is the sole judge of his conduct.

It can also be positively predicted that there will be no impeachment proceedings against Black—despite all the labored "dope" stories from Washington and the threatening mutters from Senators Wheeler and Burke and other renegade liberals and reactionary Democrats. There will be no move to impeach because there are no grounds for impeachment. The breast-beaters are fully aware of that. Their outpourings of righteous indignation are sham maneuvers to make political capital for themselves. It is highly significant that the real liberals in both the House and the Senate, men who fought shoulder to shoulder with Black in scores of battles for reform legislation, have not uttered a word of condemnation against him.

That the White House was stunned by the exposé is putting it mildly. From the President down, the inner circle was astounded and frightened. The first reaction very definitely was panicky. Some felt that the President would have to modify his plan to launch a new attack

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on the Supreme Court in the speech he was then in the process of writing. They did not see how he could blast the court in the face of the Klan explosion. The affair was discussed at length at a Cabinet meeting. At least one member urged strongly that the President issue a statement declaring that he would not have named Black had he known of his Klan connection. Roosevelt rejected this counsel. He agreed that it was advisable to say something, but held that it should be merely a statement to spar for time until public reaction could be gauged more accurately. And that was what he did.

Whether the President seriously considered soft-pedaling the court issue in his speech is not known. But the "I-told-you-so" chortles of glee from Wheeler, Burke, and Copeland unquestionably had a lot to do with stiffening his backbone. Under the spur of his deep hatred of them, and on the very sound theory that the best course was a bold and unconcerned front, he went through with his original intention to open a new offensive against the judiciary. His speech, incidentally, was the most effective fighting argument he has made in the court battle. Had he opened with such an attack last February, instead of with the stupid and unsupportable grounds of age and overcrowded calendars that Attorney General Cummings sold him, he would have saved himself much grief and embarrassment. It is significant that Cummings was not consulted on this last address. The President intends to harp on his anti-court theme in at least one of his prepared speeches during his coming trip across the continent.

While they have regained their composure and now confidently believe that the President has not suffered a loss of popular support, some of his advisers privately are worried about what the Supreme Court may do with the Black-Klan matter. There are pending before the court two petitions seeking its permission to challenge Black's right to sit on the bench. The petitions were filed long before the Klan exposé. They are based on two legalistic contentions advanced during the confirmation debate in the Senate; first, that since Van Devanter retired and did not resign, no vacancy exists on the court; and, second, that by voting for the retirement act Black barred himself from appointment to the vacancy. Until the Klan exposé government lawyers considered the petitions of no consequence. There is nothing in the Constitution that gives the court the power to unseat its members. But they are now wondering whether Chief Justice Hughes, who played such a controlling role in scuttling the President's six-judge bill, may not seize the opportunity presented by the press hullabaloo to allow arguments to be heard on the petitions. Nothing would be said, of course, about the Klan. Everything would be on a lofty legal plane. But the President's appointee, and the President's crusade against the judiciary, would be put on the griddle in sensational front-page proceedings. Mr. Hughes, as his long record proves, is not above such tactics.

The Capitalist International

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

WHEN the Holy City of Guernica was bombed into a heap of rubble and corpses, millions of people knew that the perpetrators of that act were Hitler and Mussolini, not their Spanish puppet Franco. Hitler and Mussolini have so long been castigated as the mad-dog outcasts of Europe that this new horror added merely the weight of a straw to their list of crimes. But the cynical defiance of their intervention in Spain, which has made them the Satan and Beelzebub of the story, has been a little two obvious.

The role is too big for them to play—and in reality it is not being played by them. They are the agents without whose troops and munitions Franco's rebellion would collapse. But far from being alone in their fight against the Spanish government, they have behind them what is probably the most powerful and respected group of men in the world today—the international of world capitalism.

Many of the men in this group, of course, are English, and their stakes in Spain raise the basic question: Which way are Britain's financial and imperial interests inclining it? The blunt fact is that an international combination of capitalists is pushing Britain into a union with fascism, and in this group are not only the owners of the choicest properties in the Empire but even those who demand an alliance with the France of the Popular Front.

We can best investigate this body by tracing the incredibly numerous interests of one of its principal units, through which work most of the corporations and magnates that comprise our capitalist international. This organization is the Société Financière de Transports et d'Entreprises Industrielles, better known as "Sofina." It is the international public-utility and electrical-engineering trust. Sofina, it has been said, has so many banks behind it that it is independent of all banks, and it is in possession of many of the basic resources of almost every country in the world. Its presiding genius, a virtually unknown South Carolina engineer named Heineman, who speaks to the business world once a year from his Brussels headquarters, is said to have been in good part responsible for a number of the earlier triumphs of Herbert Hoover.

The importance of Sofina arises from its stake in undeveloped countries—like Spain and Mexico and China—where the system of free private enterprise is under severest pressure. Nothing is more natural, there-

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fore, than that Sofina should use its great influence in London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome to bring back the halcyon days when capital could move freely and securely from London and Paris to Madrid and Mexico City. And this happens to be a demand which in 1937 dovetails neatly with the fascists' "crusade against bolshevism."

In England the Sofina circle includes a dazzling list of the greatest powers of British industry and finance: Associated Electrical Industries, the General Electric of England; Vickers; Baldwin's, the steel combine originally owned by the present Lord Baldwin's father; Midland Bank, the world's largest; Shell Oil, itself a large and influential shareholder in the notorious Mannesmann Tube Company of Düsseldorf, which has been angling for Spain's iron since the first Moroccan crisis and which has been named repeatedly as one of the instigators of Franco's insurrection; the London *Times*; the British metal trust; certain British steel companies which own Spanish iron mines in partnership with Krupp; the International Sleeping Car trust, to which all independent European railroad interests of whatever nationality must pay tribute; and, finally, a circle of ten private banks in the City of London, whose spokesman is Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, whose pro-German sympathies are no secret.

The vast importance of this network in international politics is apparent from the activities of its members. One of the banking houses, for instance, that of Helbert Wagg, which operates principally through England's greatest insurance company, the Prudential, conducts joint ventures all over Europe with two gentlemen who have been receiving considerable publicity lately in connection with Germany's part in the Spanish insurrection. They are Dr. Otto Jeidels, member of the inner circle of the Thyssen steel trust, and Gustav Schlieper, of both the German metal trust and the chemical trust. These three German firms, it is widely believed, made the rebel insurrection possible. Another Sofina bank connecnection is with Guinness, Mahon, the Anglo-Irish bank which grew out of the famous river brewery. Arthur Guinness, in the interest of his German friends, recently made a spirited attack on our Kentucky gold hoard, declaring to the recent Berlin congress of the International Chamber of Commerce that "a large gold loan at a reasonable rate [should] be granted by the United States and Britain to Germany." The Guinness, Mahon interests in Spain are the Great Southern Railroad, the Zafra and Huelva Railroad, and the Seville Electric Company. But the bank which is most completely Sofina's is Thomas Cook and Son, which, together with Helbert Wagg and Guinness, Mahon, operates an international network of investment syndicates.

Of great importance in the Sofina circle is Erlanger's, the African railroad bank par excellence. In this world of "haves" and "have nots," the strength of the British Empire lies no longer in the playing fields of Eton but in the raw-material resources of the overseas empire and particularly of Africa. The nineteenth-century trader has long since been overshadowed. The land and its wealth are owned and dominated by holding companies in London, and the key holding companies are those which operate the mines and railroads of the Dark Continent.

Intimately related to the group of Erlanger-financed African railroads is the pyramid of mining companies which exploit the continent's reservoirs of base and precious metals. The pyramid is financed from top to bottom, diamonds to copper, by the most celebrated of all British banks—the House of Rothschild. It is now known that the famous Rio Tinto copper mine in Spain is likewise financed by the Rothschilds. Far from being independent, Rio Tinto is an integral part of the centrally owned and centrally financed African copper and gold empire. It is also known that Rio Tinto maintains intimate relations with the German metal trust, and that it has in no way regarded the German "confiscation" of its Spanish ores as an unfriendly act.

Thus when Sir Auckland Geddes, former ambassador to the United States, and head of Rio Tinto, expresses the company's indorsement of the Franco regime, he speaks not merely for a British concessionaire in Spain but for that imperial interest which is thought to be threatened in the Meriterranean by fascism's expansion. What is left of imperial fears in the face of the official report from which the following is an excerpt?

> In reply to the rising led by General Franco a general strike throughout the country was declared by the unions, and arms were issued to the workmen by the civil authorities. . . . On July 28 the port of Huelva was taken by General Franco's forces; work in the Huelva department began on the following day. The mines area was occupied by a column of General Franco's army on August 25-26. . . . On the last day of August 5,400 men were reemployed. This figure compares with 8,500 men employed on May 31. It is interesting to note that with 6,000 men employed in December, 1936, we were able to export 143,000 tons of ore, 30,000 tons more than we were able to export in the month of May with 8,500 men employed. This is a measure of the economic waste forced on the companies by the decrees of the "Popular Front." Since General Franco's forces occupied the mines area, there has been no labor unrest. During the period of disturbances in that area there were some atrocities perpetrated by drunken mobs. The perpetrators and others, dealt with by court martial, were found guilty and shot.

Sir Auckland went farther. Rio Tinto's principal customer is Germany, and Germany pays no cash for the products Rio Tinto sells it, a clearing agreement being in force. "Remember," Sir Auckland told his directors, "that these clearing arrangements have got nothing to do in origin with the civil war in Spain." In other words, Franco or no Franco, Rio Tinto would give Germany its ores under the same compensation arrangements that several of the London banks in the Sofina circle have made with the Third Reich.

The parent holding company of the African group to which Rio Tinto belongs is the British South Africa Company. In 1935 one of its affiliates, the Southwest Africa Company, a large concessionaire in Damaraland, acquired a sizable block of stock in Ludwig Loewe,

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one of the most important German industrial concerns, with a large interest in German General Electric. After a year's negotiation the Southwest Africa Company won the rare privilege of drawing foreign exchange out of Germany for the money owed it. Accordingly, the chairman of this company, who is also the head of the parent holding company, was able to announce at the 1936 meeting that "our relations with the German authorities and our friends in Germany have always been of a very satisfactory nature." Here, in the British South Africa Company, speaks the voice of imperial Britain.

This African railroad and mining monopoly has other bonds with Sofina. Members of the Sofina family share control in certain of its enterprises, and it has a similar share in some of theirs. The most notable instance of this reciprocal arrangement is Sofina's interest in Ludwig Loewe, which with its affiliate, German General Electric, controls the principal Sofina property in Germany. Loewe's directors participate in the ownership of both Krupp and the steel trust. Thus in fact as well as in purpose Sofina binds together on an international scale the colonial mining trusts of the "have" powers and the mineral-consuming industrial trusts of the "have nots."

It is in this international fashion that the English and German units of Sofina hold Spain in their grasp. The principal utility properties in Spain are Sofina's. The most important, the Barcelona Traction, Light, and Power Company, once exercised a monopoly over Catalonia's power and other utility services, and its Bilbao Company was equally powerful. What is at least as important as Spain itself, however, is the fact that Madrid and Barcelona have served Sofina as bridges on the way to the New World. For out of Spain radiate its corporate ties with the utility monopolies in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, Mexico. A cross-section of its Madrid-South American holding company, the Compañia Hispano-Americana de Electricidad, or "Chade," is revealing. Among the Spanish members of the board are the Duke of Berwick and Alba, premier grandee of Spain and official representative in London of General Franco, and the Marquis de Urquijo y Ussia of the Bank of Urquijo, Spain's leading private bank. Of the two British directors, one is the chairman of Thomas Cook and Son, as well as a director of the Suez Canal Company and thus one of the pillars of the French alliance; the other is a director of the Bank of England and one of the Sofina representatives in the British South Africa Company's group of railway properties. The two German directors represent Ludwig Loewe and the German General Electric.

Chade has a French director too—and here arises the issue which cuts across the relationship of England and France, the two democracies, in this international movement. We have seen that the "threat to the Empire" does not deter reputable British firms from backing Franco. The other supposed tie of England to the Loyalists is the French alliance. There is indeed a French alliance—but it is not with the French people. It is with the famous 200 families, who want to maintain the English alliance but also to expand it into a four-power pact that would include Germany and Italy.

The French director of Chade is a director of the principal financial agency by which the Schneider munitions trust operates its foreign investments. He is also a prominent figure in Sofina's French engineering enterprises. By far the most important of these center around the famous Mercier group of electrical-engineering and utility properties. M. Mercier himself has long been prominent in Croix de Feu circles. One of Sofina's many bonds with the Mercier group is the president of the executive board of the French section of Sofina's railway-coach monopoly, who is also a colleague of the French Baron Robert de Rothschild and of the Marquis de Urquijo in the management of the Madrid-Saragossa-Alicante railroad. These same French interests, fortified by one of the De Wendels, also control Spain's important Penarroya mines. Thus Sofina has penetrated so deeply into the Spanish interests of France that it is hardly distinguishable from them.

Aside from their common interest in Spain, France and England have close bonds through Sofina. Thomas Cook, we have noted, is the principal Sofina bank in England, and one of its partners is that same president of the executive board of the French railway-coach monopoly who is in such excellent company in the management of the Madrid-Saragossa-Alicante railway. Another such connection is afforded by Hambros, one of the ten Bank of England banks in the Sofina orbit. The Hambros association is with Maurice de Wendel's Union des Mines, the French coal trust, whose directors participate as well in the steel properties of the well-known Theodore Laurent. It has long been a commonplace of French politics that both the De Wendel and the Laurent interests are pro-German whenever France moves to the left. Charles Laurent, incidentally, is one of the leading Sofina figures in France.

One more example of the way in which Sofina serves as the intermediary in the new orientation of the Anglo-French alliance is provided by the four great Protestant private banks which have grown up around the English connection. The firms of Mallet, Hottinguer, Neuflize, and Mirabeau, all former members of the Bank of France, have in partnership with the English permeated all the colonial countries on the southern and western shores of the Mediterranean. Together they also serve to maintain the financial and political structure of the succession states of post-war Europe. And each of the four belongs in more respects than one to the Sofina circle.

We have seen how Sofina binds together the greatest interests of England, France, and Germany. One final link remains for present investigation—Sofina's Italian contingent. A great deal has been written of the progress Italy has made toward electrification under Mussolini. This might better be termed the progress made under Sofina. For the great utilities of Venice, Milan, Turin, Tuscany, and Naples fall within the empire of the Capitalist International. The individual under whose supervision this gigantic industry has arisen, Count Volpi di Misurata, formerly Mussolini's Finance Min-

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ister, is himself the most distinguished of the Italian representatives in the inner council of Sofina. No less important are Sofina's other head men in Italy—Toeplitz, who heads Italy's greatest bank, the Banca Commerciale Italiana, and Pirelli, who dominates the rubber and cable combine which bears his name. Between them Toeplitz and Pirelli share control of the Montecatini, Italy's chemical trust, and together with Volpi they are the leaders of the financial oligarchy which supports Mussolini.

Last year this international solidarity had not yet matured. Distrust and smoldering antagonism between Germany and Italy were still evident, and it was still possible for Ernst Henri to analyze in minute detail the impending war between Toeplitz and Thyssen for control of Austria. Today these differences have disappeared. The Spanish rebellion was the catalyst that precipitated this new compound, the Unholy Alliance of Europe's four great powers, which is quite as firm in its dislike of democracy as ever Metternich was.

Recently the Paris *Journal des Debats*, owned outright by the pro-German De Wendel family, had occasion to summarize for its readers England's position in the Spanish crisis. "It is becoming more and more clear," said the *Journal*, "that like Italy England herself is deeply hostile to anything which might lead to the extension of bolshevism." Here in essence is Europe's four-power pact. It is the political reflection of the unity which has been achieved by big capital. Are we soon to feel the effects of this unity on our side of the Atlantic?

Scandinavia's "New Democracy"

BY LUDWIG LORE

THE American public is becoming Scandinavia-conscious. In the past five years Denmark, Norway, and Sweden have been patronized by visitors from the United States as never before, and Scandinavian liners are doing a record business. Not so many years ago our middle class knew Scandinavia only as the place good servants came from. Today these countries are viewed with undisguised respect for the rapidity with which they recovered from the crisis and not less for their determined stand on the issues of peace and democracy.

American visitors to the Northland return to their home towns talking glibly of cooperatives and housing. Countless afternoon clubs are listening to papers that picture Scandinavia as a sort of petty-bourgeois paradise, where integrity, frugality, and wise restraint have been their own reward. Clinics and public welfare institutions, statistics on employment and social services, the fact that there seems to be not a single beggar in all Scandinavia—all these lead the superficial observer to conclude that Northern Europe, by taking a middle course between capitalism and socialism, between communism and fascism, has found the answer to the world's great problems.

What they do not see is that Norway and Sweden, and to a lesser degree Denmark, are striking out along revolutionary paths, that far from being admirable examples of what reform can accomplish under capitalism, they are the protagonists of a new and revolutionary labor philosophy. What they do not know is the shocking fact that some of the most prominent of the sturdy Nordic leaders responsible for this admirable state of affairs in Northern Europe received their first lessons in labor theory in our own United States as rank-and-file members of the Industrial Workers of the World and other radical labor organizations.

The I. W. W. may be a thing of the past, but the seed it scattered is growing and bearing abundant fruit in three of the happiest and most contented countries of the European continent. It was carried across the seas by men like Johann Nygaardsvold, Norwegian Prime Minister, and Alfred Madsen, Minister of Commerce, by Martin Trammael, editor of the great Socialist daily *Arbeiderbladet*, by Gustav Moeller, Social Minister, and Osten Unden, trade-union leader of Sweden, and by numerous other persons of prominence in the three Scandinavian governments.

From the very beginning the founders of the I. W. W. acknowledged kinship with the great syndicalist movement that was making rapid forward strides in the Latin countries of Europe, though the relationship was one of spirit rather than of organizational forms. Except in Great Britain, which furnished the pattern for American trade-union organization, European workers were for the most part already assembled in industrial organizations. What distinguished the syndicalist organizations was their conception of the class struggle and the role of organized labor in that struggle. It was a question of methods and tactics rather than of organization.

The dyed-in-the-wool syndicalists accepted, more or less conditionally, the anarchist view of the state as an unmitigated evil, of revolution as the task of the worker in industry, not of political parties and political leaders. They were anti-political and anti-parliamentarian. They believed the general strike—and direct action in general—more effective weapons than the ballot. The French Confédération Générale du Travail (C. G. T.) and the still older Confederación Nacional del Trabajo (C. N. T.) of Spain were considered by the labor parties of these countries their most implacable enemies. In France the two arms of the working-class movement

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are coming to an understanding of their common responsibility. The heated atmosphere of threatening fascism has compelled them to cooperate.

Today the C. G. T. is an active factor in the People's Front, though unrepresented in the government as such. In an article entitled Will France Go Syndicalist? in *The Nation* of August 21, Robert Dell reported that Léon Jouhaux, the John L. Lewis of France, was propagating the idea of a syndicalist government formed and controlled by the trade unions to the exclusion of the two labor parties. If so, it is a new development. Heretofore the syndicalist organizations of France have always declined, as a matter of fundamental principle, to participate in any government, the state being, in the eyes of the syndicalist, always and under all circumstances the embodiment of the power of the ruling class, the protector of its interests, and the effective organ for the enslavement of the masses. The syndicalists of France know full well that the installation of a C. G. T. government would not end capitalist rule. They do believe, however, that a non-political labor government would be better able to serve the interests of the producers than one formed by political parties.

In Spain, the classical land of anarchism, the Anarcho-Syndicalist C. N. T. was converted to a certain understanding of political realities by the anti-monarchist, republican revolution of 1932. It cooperated with democratic-republican regimes and even accepted representation in two coalition governments after the fascist counter-revolution started its military offensive last year. Under Caballero's leadership the U. G. T., the Socialist trade-union organization, recently concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with the C. N. T. against the Socialist and Communist parties which at present control the Valencia government.

However, accusing Socialists and Communists of terrorism and corruption is not a program. If the U. G. T. and the C. N. T., which together with the F. A. I. (Iberian Anarchist Federation) are numerically stronger than the two proletarian labor parties, should take over the government on their own responsibility, they would have to repudiate their fundamental anti-political position. I do not believe that the trade unions of Spain contemplate taking control of the state at this stage of the game. What they really are after is to prevent the labor parties and their leaders from making the economic organizations subservient to political interests.

Reduced to its simplest terms, the situation in European labor politics is this: the two extremes—the purely political point of view of the northern countries and the extreme syndicalism of the Latin nations—are beginning to converge toward a common purpose. In essence it is a resurrection of the idea promulgated by Eugene V. Debs at the turn of the century, when he called on American labor to strengthen "both arms of the labor movement."

The most positive exponent of coordination between political and militant economic action is undoubtedly Norway. The Norwegian Labor Party has been for many years the most radical Socialist mass party of Europe. Its main body was at one time a Communist Party and belonged to the Communist International, just as Norway's trade unions were a link in the chain of the red trade-union international. Its leader, Prime Minister Nygaardsvold, admits that the I. W. W. affiliations of three of Norway's most influential labor leaders have had a telling influence on the course taken by the Norwegian labor movement. "I worked hard in America," he told me, "but I learned more about labor politics in the eight years I spent in the United States than I knew before—perhaps more than I have learned since. I saw capitalism in the raw. It was a hard school, but I have never regretted it."

Johann Nygaardsvold is a labor leader of the finest type. He has spent by far the greater part of his fifty-eight years as an unskilled worker in Norwegian and American industry, in wood mills and shingle factories. When he became president of the Storthing, the Norwegian parliament, he was employed in a rayon manufacturing plant. I wondered, when I saw him, what Goebbels or Hitler would give to look as unquestionably Aryan as he. Like most Norwegians he is friendly and kindly, though there is nothing soft or undecided in his demeanor. Both face and manner inspire trust. His eyes are keen, his conversation undiplomatically frank.

In spite of his high political office Prime Minister Nygaardsvold is as positive as ever that economic action is more important in the class struggle than political, and his party as a whole shares that opinion. Political action is important, they say, but it must never be allowed to supersede labor's direct participation in public affairs. Political power is a dangerous thing. Labor parties have entered into coalitions with other parties before and been crushed under the burden of their compromises. Being purely political or largely political in their outlook and orientation, they felt that they were obligated to carry on for the sake of carrying on. The result was a chain of compromises. The Norwegian Labor Party will not compromise on any fundamental issue. When faced with the alternative of doing so or losing office the first Labor government chose to resign. There are differences, of course, between its position and that of the MacDonald and Blum governments. In the first place, it has almost a majority of the entire popular vote. In the second place, it has the unconditional support of the labor unions in a country where 240,000 out of 670,000 industrial workers are organized. In the third place, it depends for its majority in the Storthing not on so-called liberals but on the eighteen deputies of the Peasant Party, whose strong left wing at the moment dictates that party's policies.

The Peasant Party is not a radical party. The fact that most of the 30,000 farm owners in Norway have small holdings, none of them comparable to the large acres of America's Western farms, naturally gives their party a mildly conservative character. Several years ago there was a move toward fascism among certain dissatisfied elements in the party, but anti-fascist sentiment in Nor-

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way, as indeed throughout Scandinavia, is too overpowering to encourage such manifestations. The left wing of the Peasant Party, on the other hand, representing the poorer peasants and animated by old democratic traditions, has looked favorably on cooperation with labor ever since the Labor Party began showing political strength.

The Labor Party does not rely on these uncertain allies, however. Through the Norwegian trade-union movement it is organizing the farm workers and small farmers into special unions. The government does its share by opening up new areas to landless farmers and giving food and financial support to young peasants and their families until they can raise sufficient crops to support themselves. About five hundred such farms are opened up annually. This measure has a dual purpose. It keeps the young agrarians from crowding into the cities and increasing the army of unemployed, and it helps to make Norway less dependent on other countries for its food supply.

All this is done with the assistance, and wherever possible through the instrumentality, of the cooperative organizations, which have achieved a high degree of development in all the Scandinavian countries. Similar methods are being used to bring the fishermen, of whom there are some 60,000 without boats and nets of their own, into the sphere of influence of the Labor Party and the labor unions. To these boatless men, who are wholly dependent on the owners of fishing fleets for a livelihood, the cooperatives offer independence through group ownership of boats, nets, and fishing implements. Through the trade unions these fishermen are being brought into class-conscious organizations on which the future of the industry will rest.

Norwegians no longer emigrate to the New World, said Mr. Nygaardsvold, though nothing stands in their way if they wish to do so. They feel that the government is their friend and look into the future hopefully. The slogan of the Labor Party, "Labor is the whole people," has captured the popular imagination. In the last election the Labor Party made three-quarters of its gains in the rural districts, and Labor-Farmer Day last year brought 75,000 persons to Oslo.

Thanks to the flourishing trade in steel and ore, with Germany and England as competing buyers, Sweden is the most prosperous of the three Scandinavian countries, with a living standard almost as high as ours. By a system of public works it reduced unemployment from 180,000 in 1933 to 17,000, less than one-half of 1 per cent of its total population, in 1936. While this simplifies the fiscal problems of the Socialist-Peasant coalition, it also means that the government must cope with the power of highly concentrated heavy industries, which tend to make it more conservative and more circumspect than its immediate neighbor. The influence of big capital is partly neutralized by a solid phalanx of 800,000 trade unionists, whom the Swedish government, like the Norwegian, has made a vital part of the government machine, and by the fact that Sweden's nationalized industries offer very effective competition.

"We look upon the trade unions and cooperatives as government departments," said Ragner Johansen, manager of the Publishing Association of the Swedish Workers, the central organization of the syndicalist trade unions of Sweden. "They have the added advantage, moreover, of being independent of government control, so that they are in a position at any time to bring pressure to bear on their political representatives." Mr. Johansen is another I. W. W. graduate, having lived in the United States between 1912 and 1923 when the activity of the I. W. W. was at its height. He was one of the more than a hundred wobblies convicted of conspiracy against the American government during the World War. He was sentenced by Judge Landis to sixteen years in prison, but after two years was released and deported to Sweden.

Johansen has been sharply critical of the coalition government of Per Albin Hansson, but he admits that the blunt, unpretentious leader of the Swedish Social Democracy is enormously popular. Per Albin, as he is affectionately called in Swedish labor circles, reminds one strongly of the old school of European Social Democrats, the kind who were not afraid to mix honest sentimentality with common sense in dealing with working-class problems. Looking at him, one is reminded of the old joke that Scandinavians can never be revolutionists since the only time they would have for a revolution would be between breakfast and lunch, and that is too short.

Hansson's government is justly proud of Sweden's having made a more rapid recovery than any other industrial state, and this with a minimum of government interference in business affairs. There has been no attempt to enforce legislative curbs, no "economic planning." That Sweden has so many nationalized industries is not the result of a deliberate policy. It simply happened that Sweden's resources were located in the sparsely settled interior and were discovered only comparatively recently. The large nationalized industry acts as an effective check on private ownership and works hand in hand with the labor unions and the cooperative movement.

Sweden's cooperatives, like those of Norway and Denmark, have become gigantic business enterprises, insuring to the public comparatively modest living costs without governmental price regulation. Whenever a private concern tries to jack up prices, the cooperatives establish factories and mills of their own, and prices automatically return to a reasonable level. Boots, butter, clothing, coffee, fertilizers, bicycle and automobile tires, electric-light bulbs, flour, and cereals—there is hardly an article of general consumption that is not produced in one of Sweden's cooperative factories and sold in its 4,000 cooperative stores.

With 80 per cent of its industrial workers and 45 per cent of its agricultural workers organized in labor unions, Sweden's Socialist-Peasant coalition government is as firmly intrenched as any regime in Europe. The story of how the Social Democracy in Sweden won the

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confidence of the peasant is an interesting example of Scandinavian cooperation between government and trade unions. To combat a noticeable drift in the direction of fascism, the Social Democrats prevailed on their followers in the labor unions to support increased prices an an aid to Sweden's agrarian population. The effect was immediate. Generations of prejudice were wiped out. Today the alliance between worker and poor peasant is an impressive bulwark against the spread of fascism.

It is more than seven years since the present Socialist-Radical government of Denmark assumed office under the leadership of Thorwald Stauning, for decades one of the outstanding figures in the Socialist International. It was reelected to office in 1932 on the issue of unemployment relief, the world crisis having meanwhile struck a violent blow at Danish prosperity. Forty-three per cent of the nation's workers were unemployed; 200,000 were looking for jobs. Relief, tax exemption, public works, reduced interest rates for farmers, and price stabilization were all carried out with characteristic Scandinavian energy, and a systematic effort was made toward centralized planning of the nation's economic activities. This control is not exercised through the Danish Parliament, however, but is in the hands of an extra-parliamentary commission composed of representatives of the labor unions, the cooperatives, and the political parties. Another commission, similarly constituted but with a strong representation of organized agricultural workers in addition, has charge of agriculture and is studying the problem of meeting a growing tendency toward national self-sufficiency in the rest of Europe.

Premier Stauning has defined the "new democracy" of the Scandinavian people as follows: "Social control of economic life, production, and distribution is not socialism, but it is well adapted to form a basis for fighting capitalism and establishing that social order which is our aim and which shall be founded on popular rule." Per Albin Hansson, the Swedish Premier, expresses the same thought: "Democracy is not a system of government. It is something which extends to all spheres of community and individual life, the family, the friends, the place where we work, the school. Democracy is cooperation. Where group and party interests fail to secure workable majorities, democracy loses its capacity for positive work." Comparisons are odious, yet who will deny that the French Popular Front government might have fared more happily had it taken a leaf out of the book of Scandinavian socialism and rested its powers in the masses instead of permitting itself to become the football of forces outside of or in opposition to the government?

The Scandinavian Socialists have taken the best of two revolutionary philosophies and united them into a flexible political syndicalism. Having built a party machinery for the political conquest of the state by the productive elements of the nation, they are deliberately erecting barriers to party control by transferring responsibility wherever possible to the economic organizations of the workers and peasants. They are trying to create a state in which power rests not in a self-perpetuating dictatorship, not in parliamentary democracy with its inherent weaknesses of ruthless political competition and fluctuating governments, but in the people themselves, acting for the common good through honest cooperation between their economic and political organizations. It is a course peculiarly adapted to the Scandinavian temperament, but recent trends in other countries seem to indicate that the workers of the world are about to enter on a new period of sane, realistic development.

Sex Crimes and the Law

BY SHELDON GLUECK

RECENT illustrations of the old phenomenon that pathological sex offenses and sexually motivated homicides occur in series should convince even solid skeptics that the threat of punishment is not as deterrent a force as is generally believed; that at all events it needs to be greatly supplemented by other methods. Those who cry for punishment and more punishment as the panacea for crime grossly oversimplify human nature. Fear is not the only motive of conduct, and when other motives are operative, fear may not turn the scales in favor of self-restraint. Of course, if you stand a cop with a club over every citizen, you will greatly reduce crime. But since it is possible and desirable to have only a limited police force, it is necessary to resort to more fundamental measures for keeping crime in check.

Many crimes are committed on the spur of the moment, or from deep-rooted pathologic impulse. In not a few instances intensive analysis shows that the aggressive sex offender is more a problem for psychopathology than for criminal justice. Sometimes he is feeble-minded; sometimes he suffers from some epileptic condition; frequently he is a chronic alcoholic; often his uninhibited impulses are related to premature senility.

Social influences of course also play a part in conditioning abnormal sexual expression. Illicit heterosexual activity today is common. Enough has been written in recent years on the effects of the machine age and of urban civilization on the love folkways and *mores* to make that fact well known. A recent penetrating analysis of contemporary morality goes so far as to say that

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"the emphasis upon sex in fiction, drama, and essay, the radical demands for individual liberty and self-expression in sex relations, both before and after marriage, show a focus of interest comparable to the political focus of the American and French revolutions. . . . The pendulum is swinging from sex repression to sex obsession." At the same time prostitution is on the increase.

Many influences are responsible. There is space to cite merely a few: the progressive disintegration of erstwhile symbols and sources of authority and social control, such as family, neighborhood, church, government; the popularization in distorted form of the writings of psychoanalysts; a mounting reaction to the old religious policy of investing sexual matters with an aura of uncleanliness; the greater freedom of the sexes since the World War; the economic emancipation of youth; the easy anonymity of the individual in the modern city; the large-scale exploitation of sex-stimulating entertainment; a press more concerned with purveying the sensational and pornographic than with living up to its social responsibilities.

Delinquents, who so often become criminals, are of course not immune from these influences. No fewer than 78 per cent of the youths sentenced to a well-known Eastern reformatory admitted having had illicit sexual experiences before entering that institution. In fact, almost a third of the 500 young men involved had indulged in sexual practices at the age of fifteen or less. Examination revealed that 27 per cent were venereally diseased when they entered the reformatory. Almost a fifth practiced sexual irregularities during a five-year follow-up period after parole.

But while it is true that deep-rooted and far-flung forces are involved and that therefore socio-economic and psychiatric preventive measures are urgently needed, it is also legitimate to inquire into the improvements that might be made in existing methods of law-enforcement. These are, after all, our first line of defense against existing criminals. What about the police? Recent official statistics indicate a significantly increasing efficiency on the part of the police in the field of sex crimes. During 1933, for example, the last year for which there are figures at hand, no fewer than 93 per cent of the rape cases reported to the police in the state of New York and 85 per cent of other sexual offenses were solved—a very substantial proportion in contrast to the 31 per cent for burglary cases and 16 per cent for automobile thefts. But though some police departments have achieved a fair degree of efficiency in apprehending offenders, they are less effective in preventing the commission of crimes of this sort.

What about the courts? Within limits prescribed by the law they exercise considerable discretion in the imposition of sentences; there is, in fact, a wide and irrational difference in the sentences imposed by judges having similar criminal jurisdiction. In one large Eastern city, for example, the combined records of eight lower courts handling the same types of offense show that imprisonment was ordered in 4 per cent of the cases, fines were imposed in 26 per cent, and probation was granted in 38 per cent; but broken down by individual courts the figures show these variations: in district court A the respective percentages were 3, 27, and 32; in court B they were 5, 32, 39; in C, 1, 10, 64; in D, 2, 34, 31; in E, 3, 32, 40; in F, 10, 12, 38; in G, 4, 14, 43. Analysis of dispositions by separate offenses shows similar differences. In a study of more than 7,000 cases in a New Jersey county it was found that the variation in sentences for felonies was just as marked as for lesser offenses. The proportion of cases in which sentences of imprisonment were imposed by each of six judges varied all the way from 34 per cent to 58 per cent. A prisoner found guilty of a serious crime had about three chances out of ten of being sent to prison by two of the judges and five out of ten if he happened to appear before one of the other four.

Such variation in sentences cannot be defended either on a punishment-to-fit-the-crime theory or as an enlightened policy of scientifically individualized treatment. On the theory of even-handed justice it is obviously wrong, and it cannot be due to careful individualization because in the long run the proportions of the different types of sentence imposed ought to be nearly uniform. Persons, as well as crimes, tend to fall into types. Moreover, the frequently inadequate nature of the investigators' reports which judges consult prior to imposing sentence and the fact that judges are as a rule not trained in the interpretation of medical, psychiatric, psychologic, and sociologic data make it very doubtful that the wide differences in sentences reflect a high degree of thoughtful individualization.

While the probation services attached to courts have been considerably improved in recent years, they are still in many places below a desirable standard in both personnel and technique. Any careful study of the careers of criminals discloses that a large proportion of them have again and again been probationers. Their failure to reform cannot of course be attributed exclusively to inadequate probationary oversight; yet an unbiased analysis of case histories demonstrates that this plays some role.

What about our prisons and reformatories? Even the most ardent believers in the present penal system have in recent years reluctantly admitted that neither prisons nor reformatories as a rule reform offenders. In a recent study by Dr. Eleanor T. Glueck and myself it was found that while the passage of time brings a measurable increase in the proportion of ex-prisoners who reform, this good result is largely attributable to the natural factor of aging or maturation of the prisoners rather than to the good influences of imprisonment or parole. The extent to which this "settling-down" process might be facilitated or hastened by improved personnel and correctional technique is difficult to gauge, but there is some evidence that contact with adequately trained institutional officers who combine insight with sympathy has an enduring effect on many offenders.

What about the parole system? Here again some improvement in recent years is to be noted. It is of course unfair and superficial to pass from the fact that many

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a "killer" was once a parolee to a general condemnation of parole. Nevertheless, the power to release offenders before the end of a prescribed sentence is so potentially dangerous an instrument that citizens ought to insist on the appointment of only the best-trained men and women, instead of political hacks, as parole-board members and supervising officers. Neither probation nor parole should be considered—as they so often are by both officials and the public—as "favors," or as the largess of political position. A good deal of the harm done by prisoners who should not have been paroled is the fault of lawyers whose "practice" consists largely in using political influence or more reprehensible means to bring about the release or transfer of dangerous "clients."

Lack of space prevents my more than touching on defects in the criminal law itself. For the present purpose I need only point to the fact that "indeterminate" sentences at present are really limited sentences. Often they have only an outer line beyond which the dangerous offender cannot be kept incarcerated, even though he threatens to commit a serious crime as soon as released; sometimes they have both the lower and upper limits. Consequently it is often not the fault either of the sentencing judge or of the parole board that upon leaving prison an ex-prisoner commits an atrocious crime. The practical issue often presented to a parole board is whether in the case of a potentially dangerous criminal sentenced for "not more than fifteen years" it is better to release him a few months before he completes his full term, thereby affording some watch on him during the frequently crucial period between complete imprisonment and complete freedom, or to hold him for the full term, thereby slightly reducing his period of potential wrongdoing.

This necessarily sketchy diagnosis of the ills of criminal justice leaves room for but an outline of proposed treatment:

First, police departments need to concentrate much more on crime prevention. By combining with schools, clinics, playground and recreation associations, and agencies for community organization, they can participate in the reduction of delinquency and crime at the source.

Secondly, the sentencing function should be intrusted to special "treatment tribunals," each composed of one legally trained member, a psychiatrist, and a sociologist, social worker, or educator. This body should be charged with determining the disposition of offenders and the time of their release. Such action should be based on intensive psychologic, psychiatric, and social examinations of each offender during a period between his conviction by the regular criminal courts and his sentence. Each treatment tribunal should have attached to it a detention unit and laboratory, staffed by technicians properly trained in the relevant disciplines, where offenders awaiting treatment can be examined and investigated. Psychiatric examinations should not merely determine whether or not the offender is "insane" but should probe more deeply into his personality and motivations and attempt to discover his potentialities for good and evil.

In the imposition of sentence and determination of time of release these tribunals should avail themselves of the aid of prediction instruments. Several studies have demonstrated the practical usefulness of prognostic tables, based on the traits and past experiences of thousands of offenders, in forecasting the probable future behavior of offenders. The probation services should be attached to the treatment tribunal; parole officers to the various penal and correctional establishments. A committee of representatives of a state's treatment tribunals should be empowered to employ a staff of liaison officers to carry suggestions for treatment procedures between the tribunals and the institutions. In this way the experience accumulated in more careful sentencing and releasing practices could be translated into administrative and technical improvements in the correctional services, and the results of different treament procedures could be brought to the attention of the sentencing experts and probation officers.

Thirdly, the treatment tribunals should have the power to impose a *wholly indeterminate* sentence, so that manifestly dangerous individuals might be kept under control within institutions and on parole for long periods—if necessary throughout life—without the need of reinvoking the slow-moving cumbersome machinery of prosecution and trial; while those rapidly rehabilitated might be released, at least experimentally, after relatively short periods of control and training. Periodic reconsideration of each offender's case and other devices would afford ample protection to the prisoner.

Finally, the press and motion pictures have a serious obligation to reduce whatever harmfulness there may be in the overexploitation of sex and sensationalism. At any one time there are many persons just poised on the brink between self-restraint and the urge to criminal conduct. The fact that sordid sex offenses often occur in series would seem to indicate that their lurid front-page exploitation has some connection with the phenomenon.

While limitations of space prohibit a thorough discussion of more fundamental preventive efforts, enough has been said to indicate that neither "gadgetary" adjustments nor more fundamental reforms of the machinery of criminal justice alone will serve as an adequate program. The battle cry of those who are seriously concerned with the criminal situation should be "stoppage at the source!" This approach implies a many-sided attack which would include the strengthening of motives and conditions that make for law-abidingness, as well as restraining influences involving the fear of punishment. It means effective grappling with the slum problem and the evils of poor housing; provision of more and better facilities for discovery and treatment of mental abnormality and the extension of mental-hygiene programs; wholesome play and recreational facilities and special schools for the physically and mentally handicapped, as well as other essentials of a healthy social organism.

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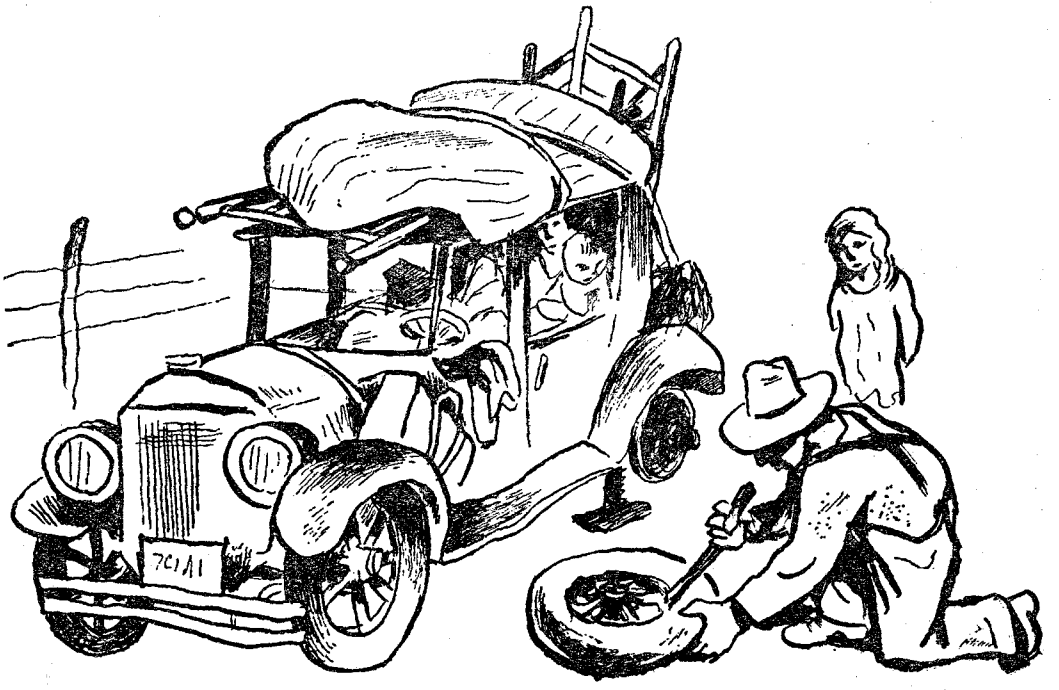
Gipsy Labor

BY

WILLIAM

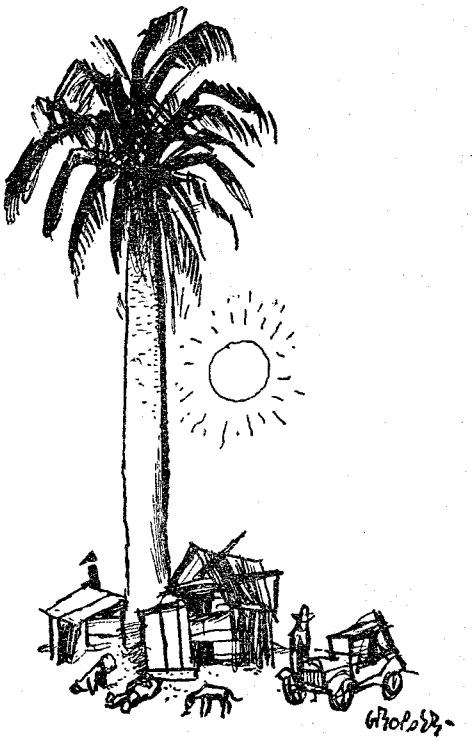
GROPPER



In the warm months one-half of this nation are gipsies. Traveling from coast to coast you will find the highways crowded with cars of every description packed with baggage, going in every direction. Along Route 99 I found farmers and their families, many of them from the Oklahoma, Kansas, and Texas dust areas, camping or fixing their tires. At first, when I was going through the Mohave Desert and passed these old Fords heavily laden with bedding and belongings, percolating along in the heat, I thought the people in them were tourists on a vacation. I later learned that thousands of them were Dust Bowl refugees.

Many have been evicted by the California Board of Health, and the local press was glad to get rid of these "bums."

Some were following the harvest, trying to get work. At ex-President Hoover's ranch they would only hire local people, and so it seemed all the way up through the Sacramento Valley. In Woodland, California, I saw children from the age of six to twelve working in the sugar-beet fields. An Oklahoma farmer told me he had been offered work by a California employment agency, but by the time he got there the work was finished.



The sun always shines in California.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Who Are the Real Anarchists?

LET me confess at the outset that I have had a genuine sympathy for anarchists, that is, those of the old Russian philosophical brand, long since completely liquidated by the Communists. I remember well meeting Prince Kropotkin. I had expected to find a brutal-looking, black-bearded, dangerous fanatic with a bomb and a dagger somewhere in his clothes. I met the most gentle, kindly, tolerant, and soft-spoken of men, bearing no more resemblance to the anarchists of the caricatures than to Queen Victoria. No one could have been more benign, almost patriarchal. As I understood it, he and Tolstoy and the rest of his school wanted to do away with all government, just how I never discovered. Now I more and more want to eliminate governments. They are today the true enemies of mankind. They imperil human liberty everywhere. They, not the closet philosophers of bygone years, are the deadly, murderous anarchists. The rise of vast states, the tremendous powers of the modern capitalistic system, the new speedy means of transportation, communication, and propaganda bestowed upon our rulers—all make the menace of government far greater even than was the menace of the czars, who certainly held the fate of Russia and all Russians in their pockets.

It is the government of Hitler which is today the greatest danger to liberty and to the world, with the German people unable to free themselves from it if they would. So in Italy, so in Japan, so in Russia with its wholesale liquidating of suspects, innocent and guilty. These governments and many others order, or are ready to order, their pawns to slaughter other pawns with a ruthlessness and bloodiness that would make the anarchists of the czars' time seem as gentle as cooing doves. The Mikado has no difficulty whatever in getting plenty of men to bomb to bits women, children, male noncombatants, hospitals, colleges, cultural centers which can probably never be replaced, and glorious monuments of a beautiful civilization handed down from the ages. Like Mussolini and Hitler in Spain, and like Mussolini in Ethiopia, he makes anarchists out of his soldiers and sailors, anarchists of the caricatured murdering, dynamiting type, who make no distinction of age or sex or helplessness.

Laws of war? They exist no longer. Nobody ever talks now, after Ethiopia, Spain, and Shanghai, about making war more civilized and keeping it "within bounds." I believe that if Theodore Roosevelt were alive, even he would no longer be able to speak of war as a manly art, producing and furthering the fine, heroic qualities in youth. We were capable of an outraged indignation in 1914 when defenseless towns and cities were bombarded, helpless citizens shot down by firing squads, and Red Cross hospitals attacked. People everywhere cursed the Huns when the first poison gas was used. Today who protests when he reads of similar or worse things? We accept the most horrible type of war ever seen with almost complete indifference. We shudder at the movies which reveal Shanghai conditions in all their stark obscenity and horror, and then go home and forget about them. Why should poison gas not be used in China? It could not make the Japanese war methods any more barbarous—the Chinese would be just as barbarous if they reached Japan, and Hitler even more ruthless if he should attack Czecho-Slovakia or France. Why not equip our armies with germ-distributing devices? Wouldn't killing by scarlet fever or smallpox be far more humane than tearing men, women, and children to shreds with airplane bombs?

Anarchists? When I hear people decrying the Loyalist government of Spain because they say it is composed in part of Anarchists and Communists, I do not know whether to laugh or cry. Good Lord! Could there be greater anarchists under the sun than the war lords of today? No Nihilists were ever more determined upon a reign of terror. Japan does not pretend that there is a military necessity for the attacks upon many of the cities it has in part destroyed. No, indeed; it is terror that is the objective, unadulterated terror, so infernal that men and women go insane, so annihilating that, as the newsreels show us, the gutters are full of the entrails and brains and legs and arms of little children, of whom Someone once said that they were of the Kingdom of Heaven and that they were to be suffered to come unto Him. Terror is the aim, precisely as it was the reason for the bombing and gassing of Ethiopians. To break the enemy's morale far behind the lines is the great objective—not to smash his armies. What the Japanese military anarchists desire is a decimated Chinese population demanding of Nanking that their slaughter cease.

Now that the Chinese reds have discarded their crimson banners, Hitler's and Mussolini's denunciations of the Chinese as bolsheviks will ring more hypocritically than ever. How long is the world to be terrorized by a couple of adjectives or nouns? Bolshevik and red—are they really the enemies of mankind? I more than doubt it. It is the governmental anarchists that I fear. They are destroying the world. Every shot they fire blots out another bit of civilization, erases from the international lawbooks another statute. Every salvo takes us nearer to the law of the jungle, of tooth and claw, to complete international anarchy, murderous, terroristic, and nation-destroying.

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BLUE LIKE AN ORANGE

BY MEYER SCHAPIRO

IN NONE of the five essays in this volume* is there a clearly reasoned statement of the surrealist theory of art. It is perhaps too much to ask for logic in a group which is avowedly anti-rational; but the surrealists speak constantly of "our craft of logic, our dialectic," and call themselves "psychologists of the strictest type." They even identify surrealism with "surrationalism," the latter being vaguely described as the present position of nothing less than mathematics, logic, and theoretical physics. They talk of "invariable first principles," despite their "open rationalism" which admits no absolutes, and they address the book as "a definitive manifesto" to a "serious public of scientists, artists, philosophers, and socialists." The surrealists not only say they are Marxists, but insist (1) that acceptance of their poems entails acceptance of Marxism, and (2) that these poems are necessary elements in the struggle to overthrow capitalism. Lest the reader think that this is a construction arbitrarily put upon their writings, let me quote M. Hugnet: "It is impossible to enjoy surrealist poetry without being led to share the [political] aims of the writer; surrealism is a whole from which no single element can be taken away." And, according to Mr. Read, "it would be absurd to call a surrealist anything but a dialectical materialist."

Their dialectical materialism, however, is of a muddled and cabalistic kind, a "science of the general law of movement" of the universe which permits Mr. Read to believe in "monistic supernaturalism" and occult phenomena, and which gives M. Breton the license to say that "the contradictions . . . of objectivity and subjectivity, of past and future, and even of life and death" can be resolved only by an appeal to psychic automatism. They believe that "the dream is a deeper reality than waking life"; and in distinguishing a manifest and a latent content in social movements, precisely as in dreams, M. Breton asserts that the "fantastic is the supreme key to the latter, the means of fathoming the secret depths of history which disappear beneath a maze of events." The surrealists transfer to the subconscious that originating role of thought which they, like other self-respecting intellectuals, are so anxious to rescue from mechanical materialism. But they "free" the mind only by limiting its creative part to fantasy and paranoiac obsessions, only by denying or minimizing the place of reason (Mr. Read "pities Michelangelo and Poussin, who were caught in the toils of rational ideas") and by elevating the automatic and unconscious to a higher level than the deliberated act. The prison camp of the practical world is exchanged for an underground dungeon. In this way they restore in a Freudian disguise the mechanistic views they wished to escape, for their subconscious operates irresponsibly and spontaneously by a mechanism subject to the "strictest laws," like the laws they attribute, incidentally, to the movement of society. They maintain and even widen the older moralistic separation of reason and impulse, and in condemning bourgeois society as rational they conclude that the enmity of reason and impulse is eternal. In this anti-rational theory nothing is more isolated, more mysterious, more bizarre—hence more surrealist—than reason and purpose.

It may be objected, of course, that their poems have nothing to do with Marxism or psychology, that they are not assertions about matters of fact but works of art. It is very doubtful that the best painters claimed by the school—Picasso, Miro, Klee—are in any sense Marxists or that their ideas and practices of art entail Marxist views about society, unless they are stood on their heads. There have been fascist as well as communist surrealists, and an American representative of the group could write in 1929 that "communism and fascism were virtually the same."

In all five essays there is a persistent ambiguity in the surrealist theory of art. On the one hand the authors use the language of purists; they wish to remove all the extraneous props of art, to restore "the mystery of language," to bring creation back to its subconscious source and inaugurate a "renascence of wonder." If for the abstractionists great art survives through its forms, the surrealists are sure that "it survives precisely by virtue of its irrationality . . . ; the imaginative faculty has a completely irrational basis." And just as the abstractionists think that abstract forms may be found in all past art, the surrealists suppose that surrealism is a universal principle. "Surrealism includes a faculty as permanent as dreaming . . . and [therefore] always has existed and always will." On the other hand surrealism is justified as a timely and practical movement, "the natural and inevitable product of historical forces." "It is not inspired, it is caused," and therefore requires no irrational converts as do the Buchmanites, with whom these conjurors of the subconscious feel some rivalry. M. Breton takes it as a sign from heaven that the present high point of surrealist influence—July, 1936—corresponds to the high point of political struggle, that its teaching of spontaneity coincides with the spontaneous strikes of the French workers in June, 1936. Surrealism is not an art or a "state of poetry" but "first and foremost a method of investigation. . . . There is no possible excuse for regarding the poetic experiments of the surrealists in an aesthetic

* "Surrealism." Edited by Herbert Read. With Ninety-six Illustrations. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

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light" (Hugnet). In the struggle against capitalism surrealism is a scientific weapon operating through the automatism of the subconscious, which "is a means of winning from man that self-illumination needed for his final enfranchisement." Following Freud, the liberator of the individual, as Marx—whom they classify as a great poet with the Marquis de Sade—is the liberator of society, surrealism has the mission of creating a modern "collective myth" to meet the crisis in feeling brought on by capitalism, "to assist man in dominating the crisis in his own nature through the imagination." Just as Walpole, in the period of the French Revolution, in perfect response to a similar crisis produced the "black novel, inspired by dreams and composed automatically in an old castle," our period must create an equivalent automatic writing in a modern equivalent of the old castle. Not only is their link with romanticism, especially in its morbid aspect of erotic cruelty, recognized by the surrealists; these amateurs of haunted houses and sex crimes are proud to call themselves "the tail of romanticism, but a most prehensile tail" (with branches in fourteen countries), and regard all true art as by its very nature romantic, and therefore surrealist. But "where romanticism was notoriously inchoate, disorderly, intuitive, surrealism is organized, conscious, and orderly" (Davies).

Of this tactical advance in the poetic struggle against capitalism by self-illumination, one example will be enough. To illustrate the "luminosity" of Eluard's poems, "their fine exactness in the flux and reflux of images," M. Hugnet cites this line, "foreshortened as in dreams": "La terre est bleue comme une orange" (the earth is blue like an orange). Yet it should be said that of all the contributors to this volume—who abstain with a dogmatic intransigence from contact with other than subconscious fields, despite their "invariable first principle" of "free mental adventure"—Eluard alone has enough freedom to imagine that poetry may be found elsewhere than in the fantastic, that the events of our time may inspire art. "True poetry," he writes, "may be present in chill necessity, that of knowing or of eating better, as well as in a predilection for the marvelous." And in this deviation he anticipates the least political of the surrealists, their master-painter, Picasso, who has just depicted the horrors of Guernica.

BOOKS

Miss Pedder's Governess

MISS WEETON: JOURNAL OF A GOVERNESS, 1807-1811. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

THE great value of journals and letters is that they let light through on to the more ordinary sides of history and human nature, which other chronicles either miss or lie about. Miss Weeton's transcribed letters (her passion for writing as a mere physical act led her to copy out her entire correspondence into quarto volumes) and her journals record a peculiar, transitional period in English life and an inarticulate and grisly section of English society—the northern lower middle class, and the agricultural, just beginning to pass over into the industrial—as they have rarely been recorded. When Miss Weeton began to write, Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell were not yet born, and literate women belonged almost wholly to a "higher sphere" than that to which it had pleased God to call Miss Weeton. (Jane Austen was her exact contemporary.) So that her sincere and keen-sighted rendering of early nineteenth-century penury, violence, avarice, "spleen," class-consciousness (very strong in the infinite gradations of the lower middle class), and provincial alcoholism, boredom, and lust is enlightening, showing as it does the extent to which a society can run down, through lethargy and mismanagement, before disaster or chance start it going again.

Miss Weeton's grandfathers were, paternally, a Lancaster tenant farmer and, maternally, a butcher. Her father, a captain of merchantmen engaged first in the African slave trade and later in harrying American ships during the Revolution, perished at sea during her early childhood. Her mother, who had been a lady's maid, after her husband's death opened a small school in the village of Up-Holland, near Wigan, thus supporting her son, articled out at fourteen to a solicitor, and her daughter. "Unless a father can provide independent fortunes for his daughters, they must either be made mop-squeezers or mantua makers," Weeton *père* had remarked before his untimely taking off. Miss Weeton escaped these lowly employments, spending her youth as the half-starved drudge of her mother, who saved every penny for the advancement of her only son. These early years, during which the mother made determined efforts at gentility (see Cobbett on this tendency) while she and her daughter lived on a subhuman diet of bread and potatoes, and Miss Weeton's self-imposed poverty, with her brother in mind, after her mother's death were enough to break a sturdy spirit. But they did not break Miss Weeton's. Her brother, after receiving the lion's share of his mother's small property, promptly married and began a punctually produced family. Miss Weeton finally made a heroic break for freedom. Determined to live on her small income, she sold her belongings and went into seaside lodgings near Liverpool. Later she took a position as governess in one of the strangest English households that has ever come to light. Independent, fearless, irascible, and eccentric, she was a thorn in several sagging communities, in which open breaks with debased lower-class respectability were unthinkable.

Her letters are not directly descriptive of the historic changes which were disrupting the closely woven feudal structure of northern English villages and cities. But on the day-to-day living within that structure what fierce beams she sheds! Her brother's slug-a-bed habits (he and his wife rose at eleven in the morning); the drunken village clerics and equally drunken village maids of eighteen; the graveyard crowded with illegitimate and legitimate infants; the dark rooms; the pathetic luxuries of tea, privacy, and a fire; the universal ignorance among people of her own economic level; the family quarrels of her landlady, often narrowly missing murder—all this serves to dissipate the romantic notions of Gothic splendor, noble hinds, and the like promulgated by the romances of the following generation. And her experience as the governess not only of a country gentleman's simple-minded daughter but also of his milkmaid wife (one of the pleasantest figures in the narrative) on the estate of Mr. Pedder, Lakehead, Windemere (in the district

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where Wordsworth was at the time daily "composing, in the wood"), is enough to make the hair rise on the head. Mr. Pedder (income, £2,000 a year) and his putrescent kind lacked a Dickens to "caricature" them. But in this instance they had a Miss Weeton to put them down in cold blood.

The publishers promise more of Miss Weeton's disclosures in another volume. They are something to look forward to.

LOUISE BOGAN

Music of the Stratospheres

COLD MORNING SKY. By Marya Zaturenska. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

MARYA ZATURENSKA'S second book manifests a surer command of poetic resources than did her first, "Threshold and Hearth," which appeared three years ago. She has selected and developed those things which were soundest in the earlier poems, and she has to a large extent avoided the echoes and the mechanical facility which diluted them. "Cold Morning Sky" reveals her as a stylist of distinction. The texture of the verse is firmer and more intricate. She now has a more confident control of metrical forms; without sacrificing definiteness of outline she uses them with greater flexibility and invention.

Along with progress in these fundamentals, her development has brought her closely into line with the symbolist tradition. Two requisites for symbolist poetry—and they are shared by good lyricism in general—are that it be musical, and that it produce what Valéry calls a "state." All of this verse can be enjoyed as sheer word music, and much of it is most profitably read at this level alone. The best of the poems also create, by fixation upon the succession of images, a unified "state," or emotional tension, which in this case is usually dread or enchantment. The imagery by which this is achieved still has in it more of grace than of nature; at its most striking it is unlocalized, coldly luminous, and apocalyptic:

> They are always there
> The frightened virgin at the burning fountain
> The leper left upon the fatal stair
> The milk-white doe lost on the savage mountain.

Some of the symbolists try to symbolize only emotions, together with a vague suggestion of the infinite; others use insight symbols, with specific transcendental objects. The inflections in this volume are often those of mysticism, religious or secular, but it is not always evident to what extent one should seek dimensions of meaning behind the immediate emotional effect of the image. Along with the familiar counters of religious mysticism, there is some play with D. H. Lawrence's sun and moon symbols, and there is frequent mention of a "new Eros." Asseverations of "no retreat" quickly dissolve into nostalgic invocations of "antique marble" and the "forgotten paradise." A few poems, such as Dialogue, appear to propound riddles. The value of the insight symbolism, if such it be, cannot be assayed until its import is more perfectly realized within the poems themselves.

Those who find it a trifle chilly in the mystic's stratosphere may believe that a larger intermixture of the imagination which is wedded to observation would supply depth to this poetry, and that a nearer involvement in the human comedy would lend it warmth. Whether this is the course of her future development or not, this volume gives confidence that Miss Zaturenska's genuine talent and careful workmanship will bring her the rest of the way from artifice to art.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

One Out of Ten Has It

SHADOW ON THE LAND: SYPHILIS. By Thomas Parran, M.D. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

TEN MILLION AMERICANS HAVE IT! By S. William Becker, M.D. J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.35.

IT IS a conservative estimate that in the United States one in every ten adults has or has had syphilis; of these only 20 per cent have received even the minimum of adequate treatment. So enormous an incidence of acute illness, of late complications (heart disease, insanity, and blindness), of diseased and still-born children, do these figures indicate that no other illness approaches it in immediate and potential seriousness.

Dr. Parran, surgeon general of the United States Public Health Service, and for many years a leader in the fight against the disease here, describes its varied manifestations. He reviews its history from its first outbreak in Europe after the return of Columbus from America to the present day, and presents valuable data on its prevalence, the effect of treatment, and the methods used in other countries in handling the disease.

The greater part of the book deals with the factors that underlie the spread and control of syphilis, its relation to poverty, underprivilege, lack of education, racketeering, prostitution, and false moral standards. In a vigorous chapter entitled White Man's Burden, Dr. Parran analyzes the well-known fact that syphilis among Negroes is six times as prevalent as among the white population. This fact, which has so often been taken as a sign of the racial and moral inferiority of the Negro, Dr. Parran shows to be determined by economic and educational factors, the racial factor operating only in so far as Negroes are a poverty-stricken, exploited race. A study of the incidence of syphilis among Negroes of different economic and educational levels revealed a difference of incidence from 39.8 per cent in Macon County, Alabama, where "even in prosperous times the poverty exceeded anything most of us have seen," to 5.9 per cent in a group of professional students in Meharry University, Tennessee. Between these extremes were an incidence of 24 per cent in Bolivar County, Mississippi, where a large plantation owned by the Delta and Pine Land Company offered some medical care to the 4,000 Negro sharecroppers on its land, and an incidence of 8.9 per cent, less than among many white groups, in Albemarle County, Virginia, "a community above the average in literacy and where good medical care has been available." Syphilis is a "social" disease in the most literal sense of the word.

Syphilis, however, is a curable disease, and it is possible to control its spread. This has been demonstrated, as Dr. Parran dramatically reports, in the achievements of the Scandinavian countries, which have reduced syphilis to the point where the case incidence is only a small fraction of that in the United States. The figures follow:

United States	796 cases per 100,000 population
Norway	30 cases per 100,000 population
Denmark	20 cases per 100,000 population
Sweden	7 cases per 100,000 population

These are not mere statistics: they are a challenge.

How have such results been obtained? Why has this country, which has produced many of the most eminent syphilologists in the world, lagged so far behind in the control of this disease? Briefly, the difficulty is that in the United States people do not talk of syphilis; men and women who are diseased do not realize the need for treatment; physicians see cases and

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do not trace their source; patients under treatment are not followed up and let their treatment lapse before they are cured.

Dr. Parran presents a simple formula for the control of syphilis. He says that the thing to do is to find syphilis and to treat it. But this simple formula requires for its successful accomplishment, as Dr. Parran emphasizes in his elaboration of it, the united action of an awakened public and alert government agencies. The finding of syphilis calls for the use of routine blood tests in hospitals, in industry, in insurance examinations, among government employees, among criminals, and wherever large groups are available for testing. Such routine Wassermann testing would bring to light many cases in persons who had no suspicion that they were infected. The next important measure in locating syphilis, and perhaps the most difficult, is tracing the source of all new cases which come for treatment. Often this means tracing the disease to a prostitute who, if allowed to continue at her trade without treatment, will remain a source of further infection in the community. As a usual thing physicians and health agencies make no effort to trace the source of a syphilitic infection and their failure to do so arouses no comment in the community; but if a case of typhoid fever in any part of the country were not carefully investigated by the local board of health, a hurricane of editorial and public criticism would follow. There is no sensible reason why the two diseases should be considered differently.

What is to be done? Again it becomes a matter of the education of the general public to the point where all diseased persons learn the value of treatment. Of more immediate importance is the use of regulatory measures making it impossible for a diseased person to stop treatment until he is cured. But such a demand on the private citizen carries with it the obligation of the government to make the necessary treatment available to everybody, so that no person is untreated because he cannot afford to be treated.

It is clear that the government must function as a directing force. Dr. Parran states the matter succinctly:

> In general it may be said that in no place in the world has syphilis declined without active government intervention. A nationally coordinated attack upon it seems as necessary as upon an invading army. And, further, gains against syphilis have been greatest in those nations where social legislation has done most to establish public-health protection as a basic privilege of citizenship.

Dr. Becker in his smaller book presents a simpler account of syphilis and is concerned essentially with the manifestations of the disease in the individual, its history, and its treatment. He considers its social aspects also, but in less detail. His book is an excellent work worth the attention of anyone interested in the subject.

DAVID BERES

Golden Calves

LITTLE GOLDEN AMERICA. By Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov. Translated from the Russian by Charles Malamuth. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.75.

ILF and Petrov had a good time in America, since it was here that they finally beheld as actuality what in their own country they had learned to regard as the ultimates of socialist achievement on the material plane. Their record of a trip in a Ford automobile from New York to the Pacific Coast and back again is a veritable dithyramb to American technique, efficiency, and comforts. Every American seems to them a magical being, for he is surrounded by omnipotent machines whose service is so smooth and docile that the routines of living become an actual round of pleasures. Hence their book reads like a catalogue of conveniences admiringly noted and recommended to the folks back home; and though they met multitudes of people, including such celebrities as Henry Ford and Ernest Hemingway, it is our mechanical marvels alone that really exercise their imagination and for which they reserve their true eloquence. Our roads so enchanted them that at length they are moved to declare that "America is located on a large automobile highway!" Our social system, of course, they find reprehensible, our movies boring, and cafeteria food tasteless, yet what elementary need and pathetic envy are reflected in remarks like the following:

> Laundering is done quickly and unusually well in America. The ironed shirts look better than new ones on display in a store window. And each one of them is placed in a paper pocket, around which is a paper ribbon with the trademark of the laundry, and all of it is neatly pinned together, with pins even around the sleeves. Moreover, the laundry is brought back mended and the socks darned. In America such comforts are not at all a sign of luxury. They are standardized and accessible.

In "The Little Golden Calf" Ilf and Petrov achieved a comic idiom which nourished itself on the fantastic confusions and extravagances that are inevitable amid the turmoil of a society drastically transforming itself. But in "Little Golden America," though they maintain the lively tone of professional humorists and intersperse their narrative with anecdotes that are often very entertaining, their comic manner has been reduced to a mere geniality of phrase. One may laugh at human beings, but the machine, comrades—at least in the era of industrial construction—is no joke!

PHILIP RAHV

Mrs. Luhan's All

EDGE OF TAOS DESERT. By Mabel Dodge Luhan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

MABEL LUHAN's autobiographies have been unique for many reasons; and not the least of these is the fact that in them she appears as the solo dancer, while all the famous people of her acquaintance are seemingly content to play the chorus. A little more than willing to tell us "all," Mrs. Luhan has written narratives of appalling but amusing frankness which have, so she believes, sociological value. Now, however, all is changed as Tony, Mabel Luhan's Taos Indian husband, enters the scene:

> I have told of the habits and customs of myself and my own people. With the passionate curiosity of the hunting anthropologist and with his single-minded willingness to throw away honor, loyalty, and integrity if only he can get to know and tell about them, I have studied and sacrificed my people and myself in order to tell about us.
>
> But I am not an anthropologist where Tony and his people are concerned. . . . That I could "write a book about Indians" is the least that might be said; that I may not write one is the most. . . . If I can get any part of the truth out to others, it will not depend upon the intimate details of Tony's life and mine together. But if only I can translate into words something of all I have learned from him! For I have a deep conviction that we were brought together for this purpose, and that my reason for living is to show how life may be, must be lived.

Mabel forthwith begins to probe the secrets of the primitive soul and goes mystic. She no longer dwells on the inti-

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mate details of famous peoples' lives or describes with vividness the souls of the rich and the furniture of their houses. And although she persists in impressing us as a wealthy woman in search of another adventure, she takes herself very seriously in her final search for the elemental. She is, after all, still in Taos, still Mrs. Luhan; she is only some fifteen years behind herself in this volume. She can no longer, for these reasons, be even so little objective as she was in the earlier books.

With her usual enormous appetite for the novel and the adventurous Mrs. Luhan went to Taos when it was little known by the tourists who now infest its streets. She found herself more and more drawn to the pueblo there and to Tony in particular. She describes her life in Taos vividly. The latter half of the book is given over to her daily visits to Tony's home, to accounts of Tony's intuitions, notations of his great wisdom expressed in broken English. The book ends as Mabel's husband, Maurice Sterne, departs. Tony is on the scene:

> "I comin' here to this tepee tonight," he said. "When darkness here. That be right?"
>
> "Yes, Tony," I said, "that will be right."
>
> And it was right.

Since Tony and Mabel do not marry in this book, another must describe the marital transference; for Tony too had a mate, and Pueblo Indian women have a strong sense of property rights.

Mrs. Luhan's autobiographies are not typical histories of a woman of her class, but they are well documented and authentic. She is a professed sophisticate, yet remains utterly naive. She sees herself always as a great actress. Here her role is that of the earth creature, the female humbled before the primitive man's power. It is not as interesting as her role of famous New York hostess. These "confession stories" are, alas, too true and without moral or theme.

EDA LOU WALTON

After Adonais

LIFE OF JOHN KEATS. By Charles Armitage Brown. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Dorothy Hyde Bodurtha and Willard Bissell Pope. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

THIS is not the "newest life" of the poet, but the oldest, written by the friend who sheltered Keats during the period of the great odes and The Eve of St. Agnes, and unpublished for almost a century. The excellent introduction and notes by Miss Bodurtha and Mr. Pope begin where Shelley's Adonais leaves off, and weave patiently through an inside story of the silence which is as unsavory as it is intricate. Keats's ill luck was not buried with him in Rome; having been victimized by his enemies while he lived, he was yet to be victimized by his friends after his death. The group of admirers which gathered about him during his lifetime had, it appears, only the most superficial regard for one another, and even when leagued in a common purpose of vindication, yielded to acts of envy and rancor which today make painful reading.

The decade and a half following his death remains an unbroken stalemate of mistaken loyalties, mutual distrust, petulance, and procrastination for which little can be offered in extenuation. The competitive race to secure Keatsiana, as the editors point out, succeeded only "in scattering the material so widely that not one of the group could put together a volume of any completeness." At long length, fully sixteen years after the poet's death, the present memoir was made public, as the first full-length biography of Keats, in the form of a lecture delivered at Plymouth Hall. The audience, we learn, was recruited from among "those gentlemen 'who undertook to lecture' "—and if this fact were not in itself sufficiently depressing, we have Brown's further testimony, in a letter to Leigh Hunt, that "among other parsons [*sic*] Coleridge's son was there, and he was the only person [as well as parson] present who had *read* his [Keats's] poems."

Since the memoir has been accessible in manuscript to biographers of Keats from Milne to Colvin to Lowell, little is here provided in the way of "new light." This fact, however, in no way condones the strange complacency with which the document has so long been withheld from publication in its own right as an ardent and uncannily touching testimony to a friendship that was, in all events, deeply felt—one whose later offenses are those of expediency rather than integrity or love. Many letters already familiar through use in subsequent biographies may here be seen in their original context; nor have they ever spoken more movingly than when they are employed, as here, as a substitute for the biographer's own perplexities and inarticulateness. Among the passages already well known are the account of the composition of the Ode to a Nightingale under a favorite plum tree, and the Severn letter to Brown setting down with unforgettable tenderness and austerity the facts of Keats's death. If, as is more or less inevitable after the clinical exposure of the introduction, one begins the memoir with umbrage at the futility of a vindication that not only failed to vindicate but came sixteen years too late, one concludes more charitably. It is no disservice to Keats's memory to point out that his closest friend, though indolent, confused, and wanting in resolution, has defenses of his own:

> As soon as I begin to be occupied with his [Keats's] poems, or with the Life I have written, it forcibly seems to me, against all reason (that is out of the question), that he is sitting by my side, his eyes seriously wandering from me to the papers by turns, and watching my doings. Call it nervousness if you will; but with this nervous impression I am unable to do justice to his fame. Could he speak I would abide by his decision.

BEN BELITT

History Without Tears

A SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF THE JEWS. By Salo Wittmayer Baron. Columbia University Press. Volumes I and II, $3.75 each; Volume III, $4.

THE author of this significant undertaking has traced the fundamental social trends in Jewish life from ancient Biblical times to the present day. His approach to Judaism and Jewish history is sociological, and he has conceived his entire work on the basic idea that "the Jewish religion has been from the very beginning and in the process of time has increasingly become a *historical* religion, in permanent contrast to all *natural* religions."

The first two volumes deal with the origins of tribal Israel, the expansion of Judaism, the life of Jews in the Diaspora within and without the Ghetto walls, the emancipation of Jews, and the *dernier cri* of our epoch—nationalism. All these stages in the long historic evolution of the Jewish people are scientifically analyzed from the point of view of the interrelation of social and religious forces in Judaism. The philosophic aspect of ancient Israelitic re-

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ligion, as well as of medieval and modern Judaism, the author denotes as fundamentally optimistic, and he rejects any "lachrymose conception" of Jewish history.

This history, from the author's point of view, is an uninterrupted struggle between the spiritual forces of Judaism and the natural order of things, and its optimism lies in its pursuance of a messianic goal, an era in which spirit will triumph over matter. In the words of the author himself:

> Emancipation from nature, then, rather than nature's suppression, is the cardinal goal: for the time being limited and well defined legally, it will be thoroughgoing in the messianic age. . . . In that age "history" will finally vanquish "nature," even changing its very course, for in that day "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb" (Isaiah 11:6), and in general, nature will be transformed into a community.

Against this somewhat nebulous and metaphysical conception, the author sets the Jewish ideal of social justice, tracing it in the entire socio-religious history of the Jews from antiquity, through the Middle Ages, up to modern times. Yet it is noteworthy and to the credit of the author that his work is realistic as well as metaphysical. Indeed, we may say that in dealing with the realities of Jewish life Professor Baron has succeeded in bringing together in comprehensive and detailed form those documented facts that are characteristic of each historical epoch. The reader, therefore, will find in each chapter a systematically arranged and clearly described body of facts pertaining not only to cultural activities and ideological trends but also to the various social strata of Jews, their institutions, economic conditions, occupations, political activities, and inner struggles.

In this respect the work of Professor Baron acquires great importance for every person who is interested in the study of modern sociological problems in general, and the Jewish problem in particular. Anti-Semite and pro-Semite alike will find an authoritative and abundant source of information which should prove equally valuable to both. Nor should the reader take lightly the author's own admission that his work is writen "with so little partisan bias that it must evoke at least partial disapproval by all partisan Jewish and non-Jewish groups. Their respective approval and disapproval, however, affecting interchangeably exclusive points, will evidently neutralize one another."

The third volume (406 pages), containing valuable notes, extensive bibliographical data, and a well organized index, is also to be commended.

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Shorter Notices

THE PROFITS OF WAR. By Richard Lewinsohn. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

Richard Lewinsohn is one of a group of German journalists, including Otto Lehmann-Russüldt, author of "War for Profits," who have been delving into the financial maneuverings behind war. As pioneers in a field conspicuously neglected by historians and journalists, they have offered the general reader and the special student important discoveries and paved the way for more thorough and integrated researches. In one case, the biography of Sir Basil Zaharoff, Lewinsohn wrote a book which for all its faults still remains the best sketch of the career of a man who was a sensational symptom of capitalist decay. In "The Profits of War" Lewinsohn presents much curious and some valuable historical information, hitherto unnoticed, on such matters as the financial and industrial background of Napoleon's epic, the career of Frank Steinhart in Cuba following the Spanish-American War, the part of Thomas Cook and Son (no less) in the British imperialist wars. But the book adds little, outside these historical finds, to the already familiar hearings of the Nye committee and the existing literature on the subject. Lewinsohn's work—this book particularly—gives the impression of a sharp-eyed journalist who knows his libraries, emerges somewhat hastily with colorful, and at times significant, facts, and arranges them competently, though not brilliantly, in a book.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN

ORNAMENT OF HONOR. By E. H. R. Altounyan. Cambridge University Press. $2.75.

Unlike such familiar social conventions as funeral orations, epitaphs, and birthday greetings, poetry is generally expected to rise beyond the specific occasion and become universal experience. Its qualities are intrinsic, its references inevitable. In the case of Mr. Altounyan's dedicatory sonnet sequences to T. E. Lawrence, we have a work which has the characteristics of a social convention and the ambitions of a poem, and which fails in either category. What might be said to approximate poetry in "Ornament of Honor" is the author's fervor. Mr. Altounyan's reactions to Lawrence as a personality and figure would have been rapt and intense enough to serve the sonnets as a source of poetic energy and movement if they were translated into correspondingly ecstatic terms—if they were related to the idea rather than to

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the event of death. But Mr. Altounyan, inverting the normal poetic process, vulgarizes what it is necessary for him to exalt by reducing a potentially rare emotion to its vaguest and most artificial synonyms. The result is more epitaph than poem; its rhetoric, its celebration, its references commemorate a static occasion when they should commemorate an experience. CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

CLAUDE. By Genevieve Fauconnier. Translated by Lauren Ford. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

There used to be a critical cliché to the effect that everyone is capable of at least one first-rate novel, though unfortunately only one in many millions seems to have the talent to write it. Mme Fauconnier's "Claude" is the novel that, theoretically, every woman ought to be able to write but actually only one woman in all France could write. If it is not a great work of art, it is at any rate the product of a private dream, and not the contrived story of a professional. The style, perceptively rendered by Lauren Ford, is impressionistic. Patches of revelatory color exhibit and illumine the scenes as in a painting by Monet. The effect is kaleidoscopic. Here are the fragments—episodes, or landscapes, or gestures—recollected from the life of a woman reared in the French countryside, who marries and bears children and works by her husband's side and keeps her private memories. Her life is interrupted by the war and saddened by the last stirring of certain suppressed impulses of childhood and girlhood toward a "great cause, a noble love." But day by day she hurries over into the years, while she and her husband mature together—"as if leaning upon each other, yoked together—and digging the same furrow." MICHAEL SAYERS

DOWN EAST. By Lewis Pendleton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Mr. Pendleton has hit upon the agreeable device of inventing two men of Maine who write letters to the *Gooseport Weekly* about the exploits of their respective grandfathers, Captain Isaac Drinkwater and Jedediah Peabody, and in the couse of doing so became competitors at the tall tale, not to say enemies of each other. The novelty of the book is its dry style, proper of course to the region but refreshing as well because the tall tale by and large does not come dry. Of late it has been coming with a tiresome and self-conscious juiciness, so that the thin, pickled malice of these old fellows is by contrast most effective. Their invention too is more gorgeous than a careless reader would ever know, for in the coolest of voices they tell the hottest of lies, and in the briefest imaginable space. "Down East" may very well become a classic in its kind. MARK VAN DOREN

INTERNATIONAL MONETARY ISSUES. By Charles R. Whittlesey. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $2.50.

Writing from Princeton, home of Dr. Kemmerer, the leading American exponent of the gold standard, Dr. Whittlesey has brilliantly presented the case against gold. He denies that a fixed standard of exchange is as important in international economic relations as it is ordinarily asserted to be, and argues that world trade, foreign investments, and economic stability can be attained more satisfactorily under a free system of exchanges than under the gold standard. In justification of this somewhat unorthodox position he points out that international economic development cannot be achieved as long as the domestic economy is throttled by an inflexible monetary standard. Nationalistic trade policies are held to be not the result of competitive currency depreciation but a reflection of unwise

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attempts to maintain artificial monetary levels. Dr. Whittlesey does not join with the growing number of economists who favor temporary stabilization in terms of gold. While he would consider a system of flexible parities such as has been adopted in France preferable to the traditional gold standard, he prefers an even freer system of exchanges which is not inconsistent with policies directed toward the mitigation of cyclic movements. MAXWELL S. STEWART

FILMS

Where Nothing Happens

JEAN RENOIR, director of the French film which has been made from Maxim Gorki's "The Lower Depths" (Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse), says that Gorki exclaimed in 1928: "Let them try my stage plays! 'The Lower Depths,' for example—this play where nothing happens, where the whole thing is atmosphere, nothing but atmosphere. The film people will break their teeth on it!" M. Renoir quite naturally believes that he has broken no teeth on Gorki, and the French critics have agreed with him to the extent of voting his film the best of the year. And "The Lower Depths" does have its good points. But it is not a first-rate film, nor is it a successful translation of Gorki's original achievement. The two negatives are, of course, related.

Gorki's atmosphere, like that of any good playwright, was built with words, and was cumulative by virtue of the fact that the words were spoken in a consistent setting all of which was visible all of the time—the actors coming or going, or simply sitting around, while the cloud of their dialogue thickened over their heads. And M. Renoir's atmosphere is most impressive when it reminds us of this one: when a good line from the play is well spoken, or when still better lines from a still better playwright are spoken by the dipsomaniac actor who hangs himself with Shakespeare pouring from his lips. But to say this is merely to say that M. Renoir has failed most of the time to find in his own medium an equivalent for Gorki's effect. It is difficult to find such equivalents, and more so as the playwright at hand is good; Shakespeare, as we have been discovering, is all but impossible to adapt. Yet the fact of the difficulty should not keep us from admitting the fact of the failure; indeed, if there is an impossibility we should face it.

Granted enough genius in the director the thing should not be impossible. M. Renoir happens not to have showed the genius. His film is often stagey (a virtue in the theater), and neither the movements of his camera nor the activities he has been inspired to bestow upon the sodden figures of Gorki's dream are contributions to a convincing end. The violence, for instance Natasha's beating, is unreal; and the desire of Pepel for a better life is a little mawkish when expressed in close-ups. This last is too bad, for Pepel is on the whole excellently conceived and acted by Jean Gabin, as the Baron is by Louis Jouvet. The pair of them make the film as good as it is; only in them does it move with anything like freedom, and only in their intelligent pantomime do we forget that we are in the shadow of a dramatic masterpiece. The drunkard with his accordion never looks drunk; the women of the film have wandered into it from the play, and stand rather helplessly around in the thinner atmosphere; and the old men are a bit artificial behind their beards. Looking back I see that I have been perhaps too hard on "The Lower Depths," which is worth seeing. But one should not expect to find in it either Gorki or something else as good.

On the same program at the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse appears a shorter film, "Heart of Spain," designed to arouse sympathy for the Loyalists. Since my sympathies are already with the Loyalists I was free to consider the film as a piece of pleading. It is undoubtedly effective in its use of horrors, as when mangled children are dug out of ruins left by bombs, and it is still more effective in its use of the blood-transfusion theme: the sight of many citizens extending their arms to the surgeon is touching evidence of the spirit behind the lines. But I am not sure that spectacles of horror, or even of national spirit, prove anything more than that war as such is abominable; and I can go so far as to imagine myself sorry for a rebel bleeding to death, provided I saw his wound and the expression on his face. The argument after all is political and not sensational; and so is the truth.

MARK VAN DOREN

Liebestod

APPARENTLY "Mayerling" (Filmarte) owes more to Claude Anet's "Idyl's End" than it does to the various legends surrounding the death of the Archduke Rudolph of Austria which both the film and the book have drawn upon. Desultory attempts, it is true, are made in the opening sequences to suggest the young archduke's involvement in radical activities of the day, but the theme is lost sight of as soon as he is permitted to escort the Baroness Marie Vetsera through the park for an unchaperoned glimpse of the swans. It becomes increasingly apparent, as the simple love story progresses, that the director has little fondness for history *qua* history, and it needs only the Baroness's cry of "Mayerling! It sounds like a name out of a fairy tale!" to sum up in a stroke the force of the film as a whole. It is as a kind of fancy-dress fairy tale, precisely, that the production achieves its most delicate and touching effects of pathos and invests the love-or-duty formula with a lyric intensity that is strikingly free from mawkishness. The hunting lodge of Mayerling, where the desperate lovers have fled for a night, acquires by this simple outcry, a quality of enchantment and portent, as though it had been lifted bodily from legends as old as those of Tristan and Isolde, and the suicide pact of the young lovers is so genuinely a "love-death" that the sound of the pistol shots in the end seems almost an anachronism. Particularly commendable for their large effect of suspense are the closing scenes, in which tenderness and terror are projected against a sense of doom that is "idyllic" in the least spurious sense of the word. Charles Boyer in the role of the Archduke Rudolph offers further proof of the extent to which his talents have so far gone unnoticed in Hollywood; his impersonation is admirably conceived at all points and handled with effortless acerbity and restraint. The picture also introduces to American audiences Danielle Darrieux as the little Baroness, whose thankless task it has been to serve up youthful innocence with large helpings of whatever it is that enables romantic heroines to reply, quite mildly, in the midst of unmerited rough treatment, "My poor love, how you suffer!" Mlle Darrieux has been newly recruited for duty on the West Coast, and one can only hope that her beauty and talents will find better employment there than have those of M. Boyer. BEN BELITT

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Letters to the Editors

Two Geoffrey Stones

Dear Sirs: Your new contributor, Mr. Geoffrey Stone, is of course as much entitled to the use of his name as I am to the same name, but perhaps the fact that I preceded him in published authorship by several years will allow me space in your columns to point out that I did not write the article in this week's *Nation* beginning "I hate fascism. My heart is with the Spanish Loyalists." As will have been plain to any *Nation* readers who may have seen articles and reviews signed by me in the *American Review,* the *Commonweal,* and elsewhere, it is Marxism that I hate, and my heart is with the Spanish Nationalists.

Has not your Geoffrey Stone a first or middle initial he could incorporate in his signature, or possibly an alternative first name, to save us both in the future from the embarrassment that the present occasion has doubtless caused him as well as me?

GEOFFREY STONE, Assistant Editor
the *American Review*

New York, September 16

Quincy Howe on Britain

Dear Sirs: I have so long esteemed you and your paper for your good sense, good temper, and good-will that it was physically impossible for me to read the editorial in your issue of September 11 called Anti-British Hysteria and keep away from my typewriter. Either the author of that editorial has not read my book, "England Expects Every American to Do His Duty," which is made the whipping-boy for every form of anti-British sentiment in the United States, or he does not understand English.

I cannot speak with authority for every hysterical Anglophobe; I can only say that what I object to is not "the weakness of British foreign policy" but the whole position of the British Empire, which many Americans—among them, apparently, the editors of *The Nation*—wish the American people to rescue as they did in 1917. Nor did I "berate England for its failure to support collective action" against Japan and Italy. Instead, I devoted many pages to indicating that England's vacillation toward Japanese and Italian aggression conformed precisely with the weak position of the Empire. As for British and American policy in Spain, I pointed out—as many others have done before and since—that the Roosevelt Administration did not rush through its embargo on shipments of war materials to the Spanish government until after Britain and the Non-Intervention Committee had taken precisely the same step. And while I hazarded no guess as to what policy Neville Chamberlain might decide to pursue toward Germany, I tried my best to point out that whoever was Prime Minister, Britain was bound to drift slowly or rapidly into the anti-German camp.

My "vague assertion that the British Empire is consciously looking to the United States to pull its chestnuts out of the fire" finds confirmation in several recent dispatches in the New York *Times* by such gentry as Harold B. Hinton and such peers of the realm as Sir Arthur Willert. The former reports that the State Department and Downing Street have been working hand in glove from the beginning of the Shanghai troubles; the latter comes out openly for Anglo-American cooperation. I also note that though I am accused of vagueness in my references to the activities of British subjects, nothing is said about the list of specific names, statements, and activities of American citizens whose support of British interests carries a thousand times more weight here than anything the British can accomplish by remote control.

But I could accept all this distortion and omission in philosophic silence were it not for your closing paragraph on England and America. "Essentially"—and, mind you, this is *The Nation,* not the New York *Times* or the London *Times* speaking—"the interests of the two countries—economic, political, and social—are identical as far as China is concerned." Only the American Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai can top that one.

QUINCY HOWE

New York, September 14

[Much of Mr. Howe's difficulty appears to lie in the assumption that our editorial was intended primarily to be a review of his book. This was far from our intention. In listing the factors responsible for the growth of anti-British sentiment in this country, it did not occur to us to limit ourselves to those discussed in Mr. Howe's biased volume, which was mentioned as a symbol of the existing hysteria rather than as the cause of it. With regard to the main issue—the identity of American and British interests in the Far East—we see no reason why his list of distinguished Anglophiles should make us blind ourselves to realities. One does not need to be a supporter of British imperialism in order to advocate Anglo-American cooperation to check the advance of fascism in the East.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Old Gold Mine

Dear Sirs: Concerning *The Nation's* comment on the Old Gold cigarette contest, "the cream of the jest," it seems to me, lay in the cleverness of the promoters in getting the boob public not only to pay the entire cost of the enterprise but to fatten the company's bank account appreciably. Each contestant turned in three wrappers with each group of answers, or forty-five wrappers in all. Hence, each two of the two million contestants turned in ninety wrappers, representing the purchase of nine cartons of cigarettes at $1.25 a carton. Thus each pair of contestants invested $11.25, making a total investment for the two million contestants of $11,250,000. The company's profit, roughly 10 per cent, would thus be $1,125,000. Deducting cash prizes of $200,000 would leave a balance of $925,000 to cover other costs. Thus the contest apparently yielded a substantial profit, to say nothing of the gain represented by the advertising.

ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY

New York, September 3

Fired for Silicosis

Dear Sirs: On April 17, 1935, the Supreme Court of Illinois found the state's law pertaining to occupational diseases unconstitutional. This measure had been on the statute books for twenty-five years before the court immolated it on the altar of Illinois industry.

On October 1, 1936, a new occupational-diseases act and a new health and

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safety act became effective. Both laws are the result of long and increasing pressure by Illinois social and labor agencies. Both are a real step toward health protection in Illinois industry. The Health and Safety Act, which makes the installation of dust-removal equipment mandatory in places where any sort of abrasive machinery is used is particularly commendable.

But from the date of the court's action voiding the old act until the new bill became effective—a period of eighteen and a half months—Illinois workmen in dust-infested shops and factories were without the protection of any law. And Illinois manufacturers, backed by the legal sharpshooters of their insurance carriers, who were no more anxious than industry to shoulder the looming burden of benefits and compensations, took advantage of this court-made period of grace to junk their stricken workers.

Throughout the state the pattern of procedure was almost unvarying. Employees were given X-ray examinations of the chest, and if the results showed even a trace of silicosis or asbestosis they were discharged. In most cases, however, the management did not take such action until the very last hour before the new laws went into effect; thus they squeezed to the final drop the services of skilled and loyal workers. In the April 17 issue of *The Nation* Milton Mayer related how the Caterpillar Tractor Company of Peoria cleared its skirts of 180 afflicted "earthworms." Cement factories, steel mills, potteries, and machine-shops throughout the state had their last-minute mass discharges of faithful workers.

At Robinson thirty-one employees of the local plant of the W. A. Case and Son Pottery Company of Buffalo were turned out in a particularly callous fashion. The Robinson plant manufactures lavatory bowls and tanks and during the greater part of each year employs around two hundred men. Prior to the passage of the Health and Safety Act with its compulsory regulations concerning dust removal, the plant during working hours resembled a sandstorm on the Sahara. The bowls and tanks were dry finished with sandpaper and flint, fine particles of which settled over the workers.

In September, 1936, some 140 employees were give X-ray examinations. The work was done by three doctors—all strangers in the city. The pictures taken were sent to the insurance carrier, the Traveller's of Hartford, Connecticut. As a result thirty men were declared by the insurance company to be uninsurable. Another worker who refused to have a picture taken was dismissed peremptorily; he knew his lungs were bad from private examinations. The other workers knew nothing of the findings of the doctors until 4:30 p.m. on September 30, the day before the new law become effective. On that date thirty-one of the workers were called into the office of the president. For almost an hour he lauded them as the flower of his workmen—then he revealed his purpose in summoning them. Since the insurance company would no longer carry them, W. A. Case and Son was reluctantly forced to dismiss them. In subsequent attempts to justify its action the company has insisted that the aggregate of possible compensation and damages under the new Illinois statute would have meant bankruptcy for the firm. Since the new law as it pertains to occupational-disease compensation is strictly elective, this is hardly valid reasoning.

Of the thirty-one discharged workers, one—Herbert Morris—died nine days after he was discharged. On October 1 he went to the company doctor in Robinson and had an examination which he paid for himself. One lung was closed and the other more than half closed. The shock of this revelation and of his cold-blooded discharge was too much for his weakened body. Morris was just past forty-one and had been employed at the plant for fourteen years.

Among the gratuitous advice given to the Robinson men at the time of their dismissal was the admonition to "get into something else as soon as possible." Two or three have attempted farming, for which they are ill suited by nature of the ailment which led to their discharge. Others are scattered in makeshift jobs such as part-time painting, truck driving, lawn mowing, and taking care of a lodge room. About half of the thirty-one have already exhausted their savings and are on relief. Three had to leave their homes and go out to the oil fields of the Southwest to find real jobs. Seventy-seven children were dependent on these thirty-one laborers for support.

Soon after their dismissal the Robinson men made a direct appeal to Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins. Miss Perkins referred their case to Governor Henry Horner. The Governor in turn handed them over to the Illinois Industrial Commission. The commission made the situation pitifully plain in a statement saying that it felt "under no legal obligation to take action but considers the moral obligation clear."

And there the whole matter rests. But if it be true that misery loves company the Robinson men should not be without solace. Six hundred other workers in Illinois, suffering from silicosis because their employers' failed to provide proper working conditions, are marking time with them.

NELSON NUTTALL

Lawrenceville, Ill., September 10

Correction

In the article Detroit's Labor Slate, published September 11, Joel Seidman, referring to Labor's Non-Partisan League, wrote, "to which the auto-unionists look for support of their slate." Through an error "auto-unionists" was printed "anti-unionists."—EDITORS THE NATION.

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THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., New York. Price, 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, 50 cents. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Dramatic Index, Index to Labor Periodicals, Public Affairs Information Service. Three weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

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